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THE WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT

REGULATED BY THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED FOLIO OF 1632, CONTAINING EARLY MANUSCRIPT EMENDATIONS

WITH A

HISTORY OF THE STAGE, A LIFE OF THE POET, AND AN INTRODUCTION TO EACH PLAY

BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, ESQ. F.S.A.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

GLOSSARIAL AND OTHER NOTES AND THE READINGS OF FORMER EDITIONS.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

ASTOR LIBRARY
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REDFIELD:
110 AND 112 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.
1853.

21

The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loues, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yeard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609. 4to. 46 leaves.

The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules Church-yeard, ouer against the great North doore. 1609. 4to. 45 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of Troylus and Cressida" occupies twenty-nine pages, the Prologue filling the first page and the last being left blank. It retains its place in the later folios; but in that of 1685 the Prologue is placed at the head of the page on which the play commences.

INTRODUCTION.

We will first state the facts respecting the early impressions of "Troilus and Cressida," and then make such observations upon them as seem necessary.

The play was originally printed in 1609. It was formerly supposed that there were two editions in that year, but they were merely different issues of the same impression: the body of the work (with two exceptions, pointed out hereafter) is alike in each; they were from the types of the same printer, and were published by the same booksellers. The title-pages, as may be seen on the opposite leaf, vary materially: but there is another more remarkable alteration. On the title-page of the copies first circulated, it is not stated that the drama had been represented by any company; and in a sort of preface headed, "A never Writer to an ever Reader. News," it is asserted that it had never been "staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;" in other words, that the play had not been acted. This was probably then true; but as "Troilus and Cressida" was very soon afterwards brought upon the stage, it became necessary for the publishers to substitute a new title-page, and to suppress their preface: accordingly a re-issue of the same edition took place, by the title-page of which it appeared, that the play was printed "as it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe."

In the Stationers' Registers are two entries, of distinct dates, relating to a play, or plays, called, "Troilus and Cressida:" they are in the following terms:—

> "7 Feb. 1602–3
>
> "Mr. Roberts] The booke of Troilus and Cresseda, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men."
>
> "28 Jan. 1608–9
>
> "Rich. Bonion and Hen. Whalleys] Entered for their copie under t' hands of Mr. Segar Deputy to Sir Geo. Bucke, and Mr. Warden Lownes: A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressula."

The edition of 1609 was, doubtless, published in consequence of the entry of "28 Jan. 1608–9;" but if Roberts printed a "Troilus and Cressida," whether by Shakespeare or by any other dramatist, in consequence of the earlier entry of "7 Feb. 1602–3," none such has come down to our time. Shakespeare's *tragedy* was not again printed, as far as can

now be ascertained, until it appeared, under rather peculiar circumstances, in the folio of 1623.

In that volume the dramatic works of Shakespeare, as is well known, are printed in three divisions—"Comedies," "Histories," and "Tragedies;" and a list of them, under those heads is inserted at the commencement. In that list "Troilus and Cressida" is not found; and it is farther remarkable, that it is inserted near the middle of the folio of 1623, without any paging, excepting that the second leaf is numbered 79 and 80: the signatures also do not correspond with any others in the series. Hence it was inferred by Farmer, that the insertion of "Troilus and Cressida" was an afterthought by the player-editors, and that when the rest of the folio was printed, they had not intended to include it. It seems to us, that there is no adequate ground for this notion, and that the peculiar circumstances to which we have alluded may be sufficiently accounted for by the supposition that "Troilus and Cressida" was given to, and executed by, a different printer. The paging of the folio of 1623 is in several places irregular, and in the division of "Tragedies" (at the head of which "Troilus and Cressida" is placed) there is a mistake of 100 pages. The list of "Comedies," "Histories," and "Tragedies," at the beginning of the volume was most likely printed last, and the person who formed it accidentally omitted "Troilus and Cressida," because it had been as accidentally omitted in the pagination. No copy of the folio of 1623 is, we believe, known, which does not contain "Troilus and Cressida:" it is not there divided into acts and scenes, although at the commencement of the piece we have *Actus Primus, Scœna Prima.*

Such are the facts connected with the appearance of the tragedy in quarto and folio. It seems very evident that "Troilus and Cressida" was acted in the interval between the first and the second issue of the quarto, as printed by G. Eld for Bonian and Walley in the early part of 1609. It is probable that our great dramatist prepared it for the stage in the winter of 1608–9, with a view to its production at the Globe as soon as the season commenced at that theatre: before it was so produced, and after it had been licensed,[1] Bonian and Walley seem to have possessed themselves of a copy of it; and having procured it to be printed, issued it to the world as "a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar." That they had obtained it without the consent of the company, "the grand possessors," as they are called, may be gathered from the conclusion of the preface. The second issue of Bonian and Walley's edition of 1609 was not made until after the tragedy had been acted at the Globe, as is stated on the title-page. This is an easy and intelligible mode of accounting for the

[1] We infer this from the terms of the entry in the Stationers' Registers, in which Sir George Buck, and his deputy, Segar, are mentioned. It is upon this evidence only that we know that Segar acted for the Master of the Revels. Sir George Buck was not formally appointed until 1610.

main differences in the quarto copies; and it enables us with some plausibility to conjecture, that the date when Shakespeare wrote "Troilus and Cressida" was not long before it was first represented, and a still shorter time before it was first printed.

Some difficulty has arisen out of the entry, already quoted, of a "Troilus and Cressida" in the Stationers' books, with the date of 7th Feb. 1602-3, in which entry it is stated that the play was "acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants;" the company to which Shakespeare belonged having been so denominated anterior to the license of James I. in May, 1603. This circumstance formed Malone's chief ground for contending that Shakespeare wrote his "Troilus and Cressida" in 1602. It may, however, be reasonably inferred that this was a different play on the same subject. Every body must be struck with the remarkable inequality of some parts of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," especially towards the conclusion: they could hardly have been written by the pen which produced the magnificent speeches of Ulysses and other earlier portions, and were probably relics of a drama acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants about 1602, and in the spring of 1603 intended to be printed by Roberts. In April and May, 1599, it appears by Henslowe's Diary that he paid various sums to Dekker and Chettle for a play they were then writing under the title of "Troilus and Cressida:" it may be concluded that it was soon afterwards acted by the Earl of Nottingham's players, for whom it was composed; and the "Troilus and Cressida," entered by Roberts on the 7th Feb. 1602-3, may have been a tragedy, not by Shakespeare, brought out by the Lord Chamberlain's servants at the Globe, in competition with their rivals at the Rose or Fortune. Of this piece it is not impossible that Shakespeare in some degree availed himself; and he might be too much in haste to have time to alter and improve all that his own taste and genius would otherwise have rejected.

This brings us to the question of the source from which Shakespeare derived his plot: how far he did, or did not, follow the older play we suppose him to have employed, it is not possible to determine. In 1581 "a proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between Troilus and Cressida" was entered on the Stationers' Registers by Edward White, and in the lax form of expression of that day this may have been a dramatic performance. More than a century earlier, viz. in 1471, Caxton had printed his "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," which at various dates, and in a cheap form, was reprinted. Lydgate's "History, Sege, and Destruccyon of Troye" came from Pynson's press in 1513; but Shakespeare seems to have been so attentive a reader of Chaucer's five books of "Troylus and Creseyda" (of which the last edition, anterior to the production of Shakespeare's play, appeared in 1602) as to have been considerably indebted to them. It is not easy to trace any direct or indirect obligations on the part of Shakespeare to Chapman's translation of Homer, of which the earliest portion came out in 1598. It is well known that the adven-

tures of Troilus and Cressida are not any where mentioned in the Iliad.

After adverting to the real or supposed origin of the story of "Troilus and Cressida," Coleridge remarks in his Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 180, that it "can scarcely be classed with his dramas of Greek and Roman History; but it forms an intermediate link between the fictitious Greek and Roman Histories, which we may call legendary dramas, and the proper ancient histories; that is, between the Pericles or Titus Andronicus, and the Coriolanus or Julius Cæsar." He then adverts to the characters of the hero and heroine, and the purpose Shakespeare had in view of pourtraying them, and goes on to observe:—"I am half inclined to believe that Shakespeare's main object, or shall I rather say, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry,—and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer." Consistently in some degree with this opinion, Schlegel remarks, that "the whole play is one continued irony of the crown of all heroic tales—the tale of Troy," and after dwelling briefly upon this point, he adds:—"in all this let no man conceive that an indignity was intended to Homer: Shakespeare had not the Iliad before him, but the chivalrous romances of the Trojan war derived from Dares Phrygius." Shakespeare, in fact, found the story popular, and he applied it to a popular purpose in a popular manner.

One reason for thinking that "Troilus and Cressida" came from the hands of a different printer, though little or no distinction can be traced in the type, is that there is hardly any play in the folio of 1623 which contains so many errors of the press. The quarto of 1609 was unquestionably the foundation of the text of the folio, for in various instances the latter adopts the literal blunders of the former: it besides introduces not a few important corruptions, for which it is not easy to account, so that the language of Shakespeare, on the whole, is perhaps best represented in the quarto. There are, however, some valuable additions in the folio, not found in the quarto, while on the other hand the quarto contains passages omitted in the folio, though sometimes absolutely necessary to the sense. The variations, whether important or comparatively insignificant, are noted at the foot of the page; but there are two instances deserving notice in which our text differs from that of all preceding editions. It has been thought that the quarto impressions of 1609, as far as regards the body of the play, are identical. Such is not precisely the case, and a copy of the drama issued after it had been "acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe," belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, contains two valuable improvements of the text, as it had been given in the earlier copies published before it had been performed. The first of these occurs in Act iii. sc. 2, where Troilus, anticipating the

entrance of Cressida, exclaims, as we find the passage in all modern editions,

> "I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.
> Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
> That it enchants my sense; what will it be
> When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
> Love's thrice-reputed nectar?"

For "thrice-reputed nectar," the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the quarto, 1609, has "thrice-*repured* nectar," or thrice purified and refined nectar. The other instance of the same kind occurs near the end of the play (Act v. sc. 7.) where Achilles is exciting his armed Myrmidons to the slaughter of Hector, and tells them,

> "Empale him with your weapons round about:
> In fellest manner execute your arms."

Thus it stands in all editions, from the folio of 1623 downwards, and the commentators have been at some pains to explain the phrase "execute your *arms*," when in truth, as Steevens suspected, it is nothing but a misprint for "execute your *aims*," as appears upon the authority of the quarto, 1609, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire: for Achilles, to charge his followers to encircle Hector with their weapons, and then to execute their aims against him in the fellest manner, requires no explanation, and is an improvement of the received text. This copy of the second issue of the quarto, 1609, seems originally to have belonged to Humphry Dyson, a curious collector, who considerably outlived Shakespeare, and who registers on the title-page, with the attestation of his signature, that "Troilus and Cressida" was "printed amongest the workes" of Shakespeare, referring of course to the folio of 1623.

Dryden produced an alteration of "Troilus and Cressida" at the Dorset Garden Theatre in 1679, and it was printed in the same year: in the preface he states that he had "refined Shakespeare's language, which before was obsolete."

ADDRESS

PREFIXED TO SOME COPIES OF THE EDITION OF 1609.

A never Writer to an ever Reader. News[1].

Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook any thing comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them, more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed) but for so much worth, as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus: and believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition.[2]

[1] A never Writer to an ever Reader. News.] This address, or epistle, is only found in such copies of "Troilus and Cressida" as do not state on the title-page that it "was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe." See Introduction.

[2] —and set up a new English inquisition.] This prophecy has been well verified of late years, when (to say nothing of the prices of first editions of Shakespeare's undoubted works) 100*l.* have been given for a copy of the old "Taming of a Shrew," 1594, and 130*l.* for "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," 1595, merely because they were plays which Shakespeare made use of in his compositions.

Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasure's loss, and judgment's, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills, I believe, you should have prayed for them, rather than been prayed.[3] And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' healths) that will not praise it.—*Vale.*

[3] —rather than been prayed.] This passage refers, probably, to the unwillingness of the company to which Shakespeare belonged to allow any of their plays to be printed. Such seems to have been the case with all the associations of actors, and hence the imperfect manner in which most of the dramas of the time have come down to us, and the few that issued from the press, compared with the number that were written. The word "them," in "prayed for them," refers, as Mr. Barron Field suggests to me, not to the "grand possessors," but to "his comedies," mentioned above.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
} his Sons.

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
} Trojan Commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with th
Greeks.

PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.

MARGARELON, a Bastard Son of Priam.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.

MENELAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
} Grecian Commanders.

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant t
Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.

CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE PROLOGUE[1] (*in Armour*[2]).

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece,
The princes orgulous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that 's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come,
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr[3] up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojàn and Greek,
Sets all on hazard.—And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt[4] and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now, good or bad, 't is but the chance of war.

[1] First printed in the folio. [2] The words in parenthesis are not in f. e. [3] Stir: in folio. Theobald made the change to sperr, or bar. [4] *Van.*

ACT I.

SCENE I—Troy. Before PRIAM's Palace.

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet[1]; I 'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to the field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I 'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must[2] tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here 's yet, in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating the oven, and the baking: nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

[1] *Hireling, servant.* [2] must needs: in folio.

Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's, (well, go to) there were no more comparison between the women,—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman: I would not, as they term it, praise her, —but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O! that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach: to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 't is the better for her; an she be not, she has the 'mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus. How now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she 's kin to me, therefore, she 's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all one to me.

Tro. *Say I, she is not fair?*

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She 's a fool to stay behind her father: let her to the Greeks; and so I 'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I 'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit* PAN. *An Alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus!—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he 's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
And she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,[1]
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 't is but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might," were "may."—
But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come; go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Is fitting.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.
Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, thus: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.
Cres. Good; and what of him?
Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.
Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.
Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.
Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?
Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector 's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What 's that? what 's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?[1]

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says, here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too. He 'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there 's Troilus will not come far behind him: let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there 's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay; if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he 's not himself.—Would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well.—I would, my

[1] The palace of Priam was so called by the romance writers.

heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other 's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him; his own 's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so 't is, I must confess)—not brown neither—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his: he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she 's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window[1]; and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?[2]

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him:—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

[1] *Bow-window.* [2] *Thief.*

Cres. Juno have mercy! How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O! he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O! yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin:—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing: queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An 't had been a green hair I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, "Here 's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That 's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris, my

husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck 't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing, and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed[1].

Cres. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I 'll be sworn, 't is true: he will weep you, an 't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 't were a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece, Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here; here 's an excellent place: here we may see most bravely. I 'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by, but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS *passes over the Stage.*

Pan. That 's Æneas. Is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

ANTENOR *passes over.*

Pan. That 's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he 's a man good enough: he 's one o' the soundest judgment in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of his[2] person.—When comes Troilus?—I 'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes over.*

Pan. That 's Hector; that, that, look you, that; there 's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector.—There 's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks; there 's a countenance. Is 't not a brave man?

Cres. O! a brave man.

[1] *Passed expression.* [2] This word is not in f. e.

Pan. Is 'a not? It does a man's heart good—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there. There's no jesting: there's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say; there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by god's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece: is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now.—You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

Pan. That's Helenus.—I marvel, where Troilus is. That's Helenus.—I think he went not forth to-day.—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus.—'T is Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace! for shame; peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him.—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye[1] to boot.

Soldiers pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and die i' the

[1] money: in folio.

eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like[1], the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man; and then to be baked with no date in the pye,—for then the man's date 's out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; upon my mask, to defend my beauty; and upon you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house[2]; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*
I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I 'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.—
[*Exit* PANDARUS.
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

[1] so forth: in folio. [2] The rest of the line is not in the folio.

He offers in another's enterprise;
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see,
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achieved men still command;[1] ungain'd, beseech:
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before AGAMEMNON's Tent.

Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, *and others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our wrecks[2],
And call[3] them shames, which are, indeed, nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

[1] Achievement is command: in f. e. [2] works: in f. e. [3] think: in folio.

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad[1] and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk:
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold,
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where 's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide
In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize[2],
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Replies[3] to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To* AGAMEMNON.
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
[*To* NESTOR.
I give to both your speeches, which were such,

[1] loud: in folio. [2] *Gadfly.* [3] Returns: in f. e. A change by Pope, of "retires," in the old copies.

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As Venerable Nestor, hatch'd[1] in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam.[2] Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O! when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,

[1] *Ornamented.* [2] This speech is not in the quartos.

Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets[1]
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking:
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so, every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands,[2] not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs. With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day

[1] *melts: in quartos.* [2] lives: in folio.

Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward[1] action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us: sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'T is like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—"Excellent!—'t is Agamemnon right.[2]—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard
As he, being 'drest to some oration."
That 's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels—as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'T is Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age,
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries "O!—enough, Patroclus,
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals, all grace extract,[3]
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;

[1] silly: in quartos. [2] just: in folio. [3] of grace exact: in f. o.

Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.
Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity.
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*A Tucket.*
Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.
Enter ÆNEAS.
Men. From Troy.
Agam. What would you 'fore our tent.
Æne. Is this
Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm,
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Agam. How?
Æne. Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus.
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which *is the high and mighty* Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels: that 's their fame in peace;
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas!
Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips.
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth;
What[1] the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, soul-pure,[2] transcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What 's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon: 't is for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy came not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind.
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks[3] his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession

[1] But what: in f. e. [2] sole pure: in f. e. [3] feeds: in quartos.

With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did couple[1] in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he 'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas:
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home; but we are soldiers,
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am[2] he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host[3]
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood,
I'll prove[4] this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent;
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but* Ulysses *and* Nestor.

Ulyss. Nestor!

[1] compass: in folio. [2] I'll be: in folio. [3] mould: in folio.
[4] pawn: in *folio.*

Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is 't?
Ulyss. This 't is.
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity grown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector send
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substanc
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And in the publication make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya, (though, Apollo knows,
'T is dry enough) will, with great speed of judgment
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Uyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Why[1], 't is most meet: whom may you el
oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off.
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our reputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes (although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes) there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,

[1] Yes: in folio.

What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech:—
Therefore 't is meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,[1]
By showing the worst first.[2] Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share[3] with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No; make a lottery,
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man,[4]
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre[5] the mastiffs on, as 't were their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] yet to show: in folio. [2] Shall show the better: in folio. [3] wear: in folio. [4] *As the worthier.* [5] *Set on.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX *and* THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy sore?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then would come some matter from him: I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewd'st[1] leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not: my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece.[2] When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldest strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

[1] *Most mouldy.* [2] The rest of the speech is only in the quarto.

Ther. He would pun[1] thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego[2] may tutor thee: thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Mar's idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you this? How now, Thersites! what 's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his orations have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I 'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax. [AJAX *offers to strike him.*

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

[1] *Pound.* [2] *A small ass.*

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he, look you there.

Ajax. O, thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What 's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There 's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, —yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to Achilles! to Ajax! to—

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach[1] bids me, shall I?

Achil. There 's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:—

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,

[1] *Dog.*

Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one, that dare
Maintain—I know not what: 't is trash. Farewell.
Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?
Achil. I know not: it is put to lottery; otherwise,
He knew his man.
Ajax. O! meaning you.—I will go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Troy. A Room in PRIAM's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:"—Hector, what say you to 't?
Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—"Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes[1],
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?
Tro. Fie, fie! my brother
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless,

[1] *Tenths.*

With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!
Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?
Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest:
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know, an enemy intends you harm,
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.
Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
Tro. What is aught, but as 't is valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity,
As well wherein 't is precious of itself,
As in the prizer. 'T is mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is inclinable[1]
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench[2] from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

[1] attributive: in quartos. [2] *Start away.*

When we have soil'd[1] them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service; he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale[2] the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt.
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,
As you must need, for you all cry'd—"Go, go;"
If you 'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—"Inestimable!" why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did.
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'T is our mad sister: I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears:
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

[1] *spoil'd: in folio.* [2] stale: in folio.

Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Ex*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these hig
strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra 's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for, and maintain.
Par. Else might the world convince[1] of levity,
As well my undertakings, as your counsels;
But, I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project:
For what, alas! can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to poise[2] the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.
Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall.
So to be valiant is no praise at all.
Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it,
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.

[1] *Convict.* [2] pass: in f. e.

What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 't is a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design.
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES' Tent.

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what! lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then, there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. [*Kneels.*[1]] O, thou great thunder-darter of Olympus! forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if ye take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from them that they have; which short-armed[2] ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather the Nea-

[1] Not in f. e. [2] Dyce reads: short-aim'd.

politan[1] bone-ache: for that, methinks,[2] is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. [*Rises.*[2]] I have said my prayers, and devil, envy, say Amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldest not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter: thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if she, that lays thee out, says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles. Then, tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then, tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou must tell, that knowest.

Achil. O! tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this: come.

[1] [2] Not in f. e.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of thy Creator.[1]—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I 'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery,[2] such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo[3] on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
We sent[4] our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments visiting of him:
Let him be told so, lest,[5] perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why? why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[*Taking* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our

[1] of the prorer: in quartos. [2] Patching up to deceive; *roguery.* [3] *A kind of tetter.* [4] He sent: in folio. Theobald reads: He shent. [5] of, so: in folio.

wish, than their faction: but it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
To call upon him: he hopes, it is no other,
But, for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus.
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him; yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say, we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than [himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes,[1] his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this: and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We 'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war.
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied,

[1] *Lunacies.* lines: in folio.

We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit* ULYSSES.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange? [*Aside.*

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important. Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself.[1] What should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it
Cry—"No recovery."

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:

[1] 'gainst itself: in folio.

l, he holds you well; and will be led,
request, a little from himself.
O Agamemnon! let it not be so:
nsecrate the steps that Ajax makes
ey go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord,
tes his arrogance with his own seam,[1]
er suffers matter of the world
thoughts,—save such as doth revolve
inate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
re hold an idol more than he?
thrice worthy and right valiant lord
so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
ny will, assubjugate his merit,
r titled[2] as Achilles is, by going to Achilles:
e to enlard his fat-already pride;
more coals to Cancer, when he burns
ertaining great Hyperion.
go to him? Jupiter forbid;
in thunder—"Achilles, go to him."
! this is well; he rubs the vein of him
[*Aside.*
nd how his silence drinks up this applause!
[*Aside.*
If I go to him, with my armed fist
him o'er the face.
O, no! you shall not go.
An a' be proud with me, I 'll pheeze[3] his pride.
o to him.
Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
A paltry, insolent fellow!
How he describes
[*Aside.*
Can he not be sociable?
The raven
lackness. [*Aside.*
I 'll let his humours blood.
He will be the physician, that should be the
tient. [*Aside.*
An all men were o' my mind,—
Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*
'A should not bear it so,
l eat swords first: shall pride carry it?
An 't would, you 'd carry half. [*Aside.*

[1] *Grease.* [2] *liked*: in quarto. [3] *Humble.*

Ulyss. 'A would have ten shares. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I will knead him; I will make him supple.
Nest. He 's not yet thorough warm; force him with praises.
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike. [*To* AGAMEMNON.
Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 't is this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 't is before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would, he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice
Were it in Ajax now—
Ulyss. If he were proud?
Dio. Or covetous of praise?
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin'd thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here 's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nest.[1] Ay, my good son.

[1] *Ulysses:* in folio.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here: the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket.—Please it our great[1] general
To call together all his state of war:
Fresh kings are come to Troy; to-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here 's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council: let Achilles sleep.
Light boats sail[2] swift, though greater hulks[3] draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Room in PRIAM's Palace.

Enter PANDARUS *and a Servant.*

Pan. Friend you; pray you, a word. Do not you follow the young lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.
Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs praise him.
Serv. The lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better. I am the lord Pandarus.
Serv. I hope, I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*
Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles.—What music is this?
Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.
Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir; and theirs that love music.

[1] Not in folio. [2] *may sail*: in folio. [3] bulks: in folio.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That 's to 't, indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul—

Pan. Who? my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sodden business: there 's a stewed phrase, indeed.

Enter PARIS *and* HELEN, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them; especially to you, fair queen: fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir!—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we 'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head.

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that 's a sweet queen,—i' faith—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit 's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I 'll lay my life,[1] with my dispraiser,[2] Cressida.

Pan. No, no; no such matter, you are wide. Come, your dispraiser is sick.

Par. Well, I 'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor dispraiser 's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I 'll hear no more of this. I 'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love? ay, that it shall, i' faith.

[1] These words are only in the quartos. [2] disposer: in f. e.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.
Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, oh! loves bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems a wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!—
Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.
Par. He eats nothing but doves, love.
Pan. And that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.
Helen. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?
Pan. Sweet lord, who 's a-field to-day?
Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?
Helen. He hangs the lip at something.—You know all, lord Pandarus.
Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You 'll remember your brother's excuse?
Par. To a hair.
Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.
Helen. Commend me to your niece.
Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*
[*A Retreat sounded.*
Helen. They 're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors.
Par. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel,
Or force of Greekish sinews: you shall do more,
Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.
Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have:
Yea, overshines ourself.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. PANDARUS' Orchard.

Enter PANDARUS *and a Servant, meeting.*

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?
Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O! here he comes.—How now, how now!
Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Servant.*
Pan. Have you seen my cousin?
Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O! be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver. O, gentle Pandarus!
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid.
Pan. Walk here i' the orchard: I 'll bring her straight. [*Exit* PANDARUS.
Tro. I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repured[1] nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd[2] too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers.
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

[1] reputed: in folio. [2] and: in folio.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She 's making her ready; she 'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I 'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse,
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame 's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that you have sworn to me.—What! are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we 'll put you i' the fills.[1]—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let 's see your picture. [*Unveiling her.*[2]] Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 't were dark, you 'd close sooner. So, so; rub on,[3] and kiss the mistress.[4] How now! a kiss in fee-farm?[5] build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel,[6] for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she 'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What! billing again? Here 's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I 'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida! how often have I wished me thus?

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

[1] *Thills, shafts.* [2] Not in f. e. [3] [4] Terms used in the game of bowls; the latter refers to the *jack.* [5] *Perpetuity.* [6] The falcon, or *female*, is as good as the tercel, or *male hawk.*

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear: to fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

Tro. O! let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted; allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, till merit crown it. No perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What! blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you 'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I 'll give my word for her too. Our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are

constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you;
they 'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.—
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever —Pardon me,—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it.—In faith, I lie:
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,
Cunning[1] in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel.[2] Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues hence.
[*Kissing her*[3].

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.
I am asham'd:—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try.
I have a kind self[4] that resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave

[1] Coming: in old copies. Pope made the change. [2] My soul of counsel from me: in folio. [3] Not in f. e. [4] kind of self: in f. e.

To be another's fool. I would be gone.—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.[1]

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O! that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)
To feed for aye her lamp and flame of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays:
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I 'll war with you.

Tro. O, virtuous fight!
When right with right wars who shall be most right.
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage[2] to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,

[1] In folio:

Where is my wit?
I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

[2] The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh plants fruitfull, so as in the full moone they are in the best strength; decaieing in the wane; and in the conjunction, do utterlie wither and vade.—*Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584.

When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood. When they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid. [TROILUS *kisses her*.[1]

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's: if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars: let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away! [*Exeunt*.[2]

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear! [*Exit*.[2]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me, aloud
To call for recompense. Appeal[4] it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things above[5],
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] *Exeunt*: in f. e. [4] Appear: in f. e. [5] to Jove: in f. e.

As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? Make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest[1] in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage: and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 't is a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him.
I will come last: 't is like, he 'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him?
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We 'll execute your purpose, and put on

[1] *A tuner of musical instruments.—Douce.*

A form of strangeness as we pass along:
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What! comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind: I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better. [*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* MENELAUS.

Achil. What! does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus!

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit* AJAX.

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely; they were us'd to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What! am I poor of late?
'T is certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them, as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 't is not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:

I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses!
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!
[*Looking up from his book.*[1]
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, that man—how dearly ever parted[2],
How much in having, or without or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here, in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,[3]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd[4] there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar, but at the author's drift;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use:

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Endowed.* [3] This and the previous line are not in the folio. [4] *married: in f. e.*

What things, again, most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth. Now, shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renowned. O heavens! what some men do,
While some men leave to do.
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking[1].

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me,
Good word, nor look. What! are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion;
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or edge[2] aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on. Then, what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,

[1] shrinking: in folio. [2] turn: in quartos.

"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord; I as your lover speak:
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
Swift[1], rouse yourself: and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air[2].

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O! then beware:
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints,
Even then, when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.
I 'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
T' invite the Trojan lords, after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.

[1] Sweet: in f. e. [2] airy air: in folio.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock; a stride, and a stand: ruminates, like an hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say—"there were wit in this head, an 't would out:" and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man 's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break 't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He 's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured, captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent.—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o' clock

it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear[1] another to his horse, for that 's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, ÆNEAS, *and Servant, with a Torch; at the other,* PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, with Torches.*

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That 's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas, take his hand,
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;

[1] carry: in folio.

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and so long health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my fierce[1] pursuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy: now. by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed. By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We sympathize.—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despiteful[2] gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you. 'T was to bring this
To Calchas' house; and there to render him, [Greek
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let 's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we 'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,

[1] force, pursuit, &c.: *in f. e.* [2] despitefull'st: in folio.

Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best[1],
Myself, or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, each[2] heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
Dio. She 's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We 'll not commend what we intend not sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Court before the House of PANDARUS.

Enter TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down:
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow, then.
Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you aweary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,

[1] most: in folio. [2] the: in f. e.

Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys[1] no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously[2] as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry.—
You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And, then, you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.
Pan. [*Within.*] What! are all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking: I shall have such a life.—
Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?—Here, you maid; where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do,—and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio![3]—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*
Cres. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knocked o' the head!—
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Tro. Ha, ha!
Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd; I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock.—Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the

[1] *eyes: in folio.* [2] hideously: in folio. [3] Dolt.

matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what 's the matter? [*Opening it.*[1]

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who 's there? my lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: it doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I 'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you 'll do him wrong ere y' are 'ware. You 'll be so true to him, to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither: go.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what 's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash. There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him, forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them:—and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secret laws of[2] nature,
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt* TRO. & ÆNE.

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would, they had broke 's neck!

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! What is the matter? Who was here?

Pan. Ah! ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord? gone!

[1] Not in f. e. [2] the secrets of: in f. e.

Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what 's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, thou wouldst be his death.—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench; thou must be gone: thou art changed for Antenor. Thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O, you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O, you gods divine,
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can,
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I 'll go in, and weep.—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. Before PANDARUS' House.

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon.—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house,
I 'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus

A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 't is to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in PANDARUS' House.

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth[1] in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross,[2]
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—A sweet duck!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. *O heart,*—as the goodly saying is,—

O heart, O heart, O heavy heart!
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By silence[3] *nor by speaking.*

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd[4] a purity,
That the bless'd gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay: 't is too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What! and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

[1] And no less: in folio. The word is found in Fuller and Latimer.
[2] cross: in folio. [3] *friendship:* in f. e. [4] strange: in folio.

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into one loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasting with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say, the Genius so
Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root[1]! [*Exit* PAND.

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart—

Cres. I true? how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us.
I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there 's no maculation in thy heart;
But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation. Be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent: but I 'll be true.

Tro. And I 'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

[1] *throat: in quartos*

But yet, be true.
Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?
Tro. Hear why I speak it, love,
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas! a kind of goodly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.
Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain, then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt[1], nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think, I will?
Tro. No;
But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their chainful[2] potency.
Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part
Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither
And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.
Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes.
Welcome, sir Diomed. Here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:

[1] *A quick dance.* [2] changeful: in f. e.

At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe,
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O! be not mov'd, prince Troilus.
Let me be privileg'd by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free: when I am hence,
I 'll answer to thy last[1]; and know you, lord,
I 'll nothing do on charge. To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be 't so,
I 'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come to the port.—I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt* Tro. Cres. *and* Diom. *Trumpet sounded.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field. [him.

Par. 'T is Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels.
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

[1] my lust: in f. e.

Enter HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other Trojans, with Attendants.*

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other; or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not: he 'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'T is done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles; but, whate'er, know this:—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half-made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O! I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the utterance[1],
Or else a breach: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

[AJAX *and* HECTOR *enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:
His heart and hand both open, and both free;

[1] uttermost: in f. e.

For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impure[1] thought with breath.
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender abjects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth,
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own.
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st:
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet: let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why then, will I no more.—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say—"This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, Ajax.—
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms.
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee! [*They embrace.*[2]
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:

[1] impair: in folio. *Johnson suggested* the change. [2] Not in f. e.

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man.
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st *Oyez*
Cries, "This is he!" could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What farther you will do.
Hect. We 'll answer it;
The issue is embracement.—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
As seld I have the chance, I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me;
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part:
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me, name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy.
But that 's no welcome: understand more clear.
What 's past, and what 's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[*To* TROILUS.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.
Hect. O! you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath:
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove;

well, but bade me not commend her to you.
. Name her not now, sir; she 's a deadly theme.
t. O! pardon; I offend.
t. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
ıring for destiny, make cruel way
ıgh ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
ɔt as Perseus, spur thy Phyrgian steed,
ising many[1] forfeits and subduements,
:n thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,
letting it decline on the declin'd;
ıt I have said unto my standers-by,
o! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life."
d I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
nen that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
ke an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
ıt this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
ınd once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'T is the old Nestor.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I 'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir! there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that portly front your town,
Yond' towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

[1] And seen thee scorning: in folio.

Hect. I must not believe you.
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome.
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, then.—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted[1] joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O! like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him, whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again;
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to predominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an[2] oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied[3] Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You, wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag:
His insolence draws folly from my lips:

[1] *Noted.* [2] the: in folio. [3] A stith, is an *anvil.*

But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting[1] wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.
Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we[2] afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but* TROILUS *and* ULYSSES.
Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
Tro. O, sir! to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Petty.* [2] you: in folio.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Grecian Camp. Before ACHILLES Tent.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I 'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night
Which with my scimitar I 'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou cur[1] of envy
Thou crusty batch of nature, what 's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here 's a letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what 's that.

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discolourers[2]!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave[3] silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

[1] core: in folio. [2] discoveries: in f. e. [3] *Floss.*

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and 'gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks, fail fame, honour, or go, or stay,
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.—
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.—
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus,—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMEDES, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong; we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 't is;
There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector, welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once to those
That go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt* AGAM. *and* MEN.

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent: I 'll keep you company.
[*Aside to* TROILUS.

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.
[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES *and* TROILUS *following*.

Achil. Come, come; enter my tent.
[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NESTOR.

Ther. That same Diomed 's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses. He will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it: it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent. I 'll after.—Nothing but lechery: all incontinent varlets. [*Exit*.

SCENE II.—The Same. Before CALCHAS' Tent.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where 's your daughter?

Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS *and* ULYSSES, *at a distance; after them* THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian.—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may find her key,[1] if he can take her cleft;[2] she 's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery?

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I 'll tell you what—

Dio. Pho! pho! come tell a pin; you are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed!—

Dio. No, no; good night: I 'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O, plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince: let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, my good lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell's torments, I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

[1] may sing her: in f. e. [2] cliff: in f. e.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O, wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay: by Jove, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience.—Stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potatoe finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, lord:[1] never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I 'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge! now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. [*Giving it.*[2]
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.
Dio. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again:
I will not meet with you to-morrow night.
I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens.—Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!

[1] la: in f. e. [2] Not in f. e.

Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not:
I 'll give you something else. [*They strive.*[1]

Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?

Cres. 'T is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'T was one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond',
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past;—and yet it is not:
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell.
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go.—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you,[2] pleases me best.

Dio. What! shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.— [*Exit* Dio.
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads must err: O! then conclude,

[1] Not in f. e. [2] me: in folio.

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[*Exit* CRESSIDA.

Ther. A proof of strength, she could not publish more,
Unless she said, "my mind is now turn'd whore."

Ulyss. All 's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think we had mothers: do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no; this is Diomed's Cressida.
If beauty have a soul, this is not she:
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself![1]
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

[1] thyself: in folio.

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Arachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance? O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance? O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are given[1] to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek:—as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed.
That sleeve is mine, that he 'll bear on his helm:
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it. Not the dreadful spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He 'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O! contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy:
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I 'll bring you to the gates.

[1] bound: *in folio.*

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES

Ther. [*Coming forward.*] Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed. I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Troy. Before PRIAM'S Palace.

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in[1]:
By all[2] the everlasting gods, I 'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition:
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O! 't is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish[3] vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful
For us to give much count to violent thefts,[4]
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.
Unarm, sweet Hector.

[1] gone: in folio. [2] Not in folio. [3] *Foolish.* [4] The folio: "For we would count give much to as violent thefts." The line has been variously arranged by modern editors. "For we would give much, to so count violent thefts," is one of the best.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit* CASSANDRA.
Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry.
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O! 't is fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.
Hect. How now! how now!
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 't is wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA *with* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now, if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come: go back.
Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions,
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam! yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thine eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—

Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft!—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim.
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR. *Alarums.*

Tro. They are at it; hark!—Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose mine arm, or win my sleeve. [*Going.*

Enter PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here 's a letter come from yond' poor girl.
[*Giving it.*[1]

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson phthisick, a whoreson rascally phthisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
Th' effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and air still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds[2]. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: I 'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve, of Troy there, in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, —that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me up in policy that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day: whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and sleeveless[3].
[*Stands back.*[4]

[1] Not in f. e. [2] The folio adds:
Pan. Why, but hear you!
Tro. Hence, brother lackey! ignomy and shame,
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.
As they occur again near the close of the play, they are omitted in this place, by most mod. eds. [3] th' other. [4] Not in f. e.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude.
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for th
whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve! now the sleeveless

[*Exeunt* TROILUS *and* DIOMEDES, *fightin*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hecto
match?
Art thou of blood, and honour?

[*Dragging* THER. *forwar*

Ther. No, no;—I am a rascal; a scurvy raili
knave, a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee:—live. [*Ex*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; b
a plague break thy neck, for frighting me! What
become of the wenching rogues? I think, they ha
swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracl
yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[*Ex*

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter DIOMEDES *and a Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid.
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit Serva*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary

[1] sleeve: in f. e. [2] Not in f. e.

Appals our numbers. Haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now, here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he 's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls[1]
Before the belching whale: then, is he yonder,
And there the strawy[2] Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath.
Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance.
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where 's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Shoal of fish.* [2] straying: in folio.

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus, show thy hea

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst tho

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have ı
office,
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O, traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, th
traitor,
And pay the life thou ow'st me for my horse.

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon[1].

Tro. Come both, you cogging[2] Greeks; have at y
both. [*Exeunt fightir*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus. O! well fought, my young
brother.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee. Ha!—Have at th
Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Ex*

Hect. Fare thee well.
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother!

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off.—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I[3] end my life to-day. [*Ex*

[1] Be a looker on. [2] *Cheating.* [3] thou: in folio.

Enter one in goodly Armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek: thou art a goodly mark.—
o! wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
'll frush[1] it, and unlock the rivets all,
it I'll be master of it.—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
hy then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The Same.

Enter ACHILLES, *with Myrmidons.*

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
ark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
ike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
d when I have the bloody Hector found,
pale him with your weapons round about;
ellest manner execute your aims[2].
low me, sirs, and my proceedings eye.—
s decreed—Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—The Same.

er MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting: then,* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. , bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now, my ble-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull the game:—'ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too. I love bastards; I am a ard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bas- in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear not bite another, and wherefore should one bas- ? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: he son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts gment. Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
r goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

[1] *Break to pieces.* [2] arm: in folio.

Now is my day's work done; I 'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his Helmet, and lays down his Sword.*
Enter ACHILLES *and Myrmidons.*

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail[1] and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd: forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek.
[HECTOR *is slain.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next![2] now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.
[*A Retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retire[3] upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler[4] like, the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit,[5] thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheathes his Sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—The Same.

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

[*Voices within.*] Achilles!
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be:
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

[1] *Lowering.* [2] Not in folio. [3] retreat: in folio. [4] One who stands by in a contest, to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. He carried a *stick* for this purpose. [5] bed: in folio.

SCENE XI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter ÆNEAS *and Trojan Forces.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home: here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector?—The gods forbid!
Tro. He 's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so.
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence, that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector 's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold[1] statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight[2] upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I 'll through and through you!—And, thou great-siz'd coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I 'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and Trojan forces.*

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!
Tro. Hence, brothel-lackey[3]! ignomy and shame

[1] Cool: in folio. [2] *Pitch'd.* [3] broker, lackey: in f. e.

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit* TROILUS.

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones!—[*Left alone, let him say this by way of Epilogue.*[1]] O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised. O, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set 'a work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved[2], and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see.—

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail."—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.[3]
As many as be here of Pander's Hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester[4] would hiss.
Till then I 'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

[1] This direction is not in f. e. [2] desired: in folio. [3] Used like tapestry, to cover the walls of rooms. They often had "wise saws" inscribed upon them. [4] The neighborhood of the Bishop of Winchester's palace was in bad repute.

CORIOLANUS.

"The Tragedy of Coriolanus" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies thirty pages, viz. from p. 1 to p. 30 inclusive, a new pagination commencing with that drama. In the folio of 1632 the new pagination begins with "Troilus and Cressida," and in the folios of 1664 and 1685 "Coriolanus" is inserted in the same order.

INTRODUCTION.

ING has yet been discovered to lead to the belief that
as a play on the story of Coriolanus anterior to Shake-
s tragedy. Henslowe's Diary contains no hint of the

materials for this drama appear to have been derived
vely from "the Life of Caius Martius Coriolanus," in
ly translation of Plutarch by Sir Thomas North. That
ion came from the press in folio in 1579, with the fol-
title: "The Lives of the noble Grecians and Romanes,
ed together by that grave learned Philosopher and
ographer, Plutarke of Chæronea." It was avowedly
rom the French of Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre, and ap-
have been very popular: though published at a high
equal to about 5*l.* of our present money), it was
times reprinted; and we may, perhaps, presume that
at dramatist made use of an impression nearer his own
possibly that of 1595. In many of the principal
s he has followed this authority with verbal exact-
nd he was indebted to it for the whole conduct of his
The action occupies less than four years, for it com-
subsequent to the retirement of the people to Mons
n 262, after the foundation of Rome, and terminates
e death of Coriolanus in A. U. C. 266.
e Tragedy of Coriolanus" originally appeared in the
1623, where it is divided into acts but not into scenes;
was registered at Stationers' Hall by Blount and Jag-
n the 8th of November of that year, as one of the
s" which had not been "entered to other men."
we infer that there had been no previous edition of it
to. Malone supposed that "Coriolanus" was written
; but we are destitute of all evidence on the point,
what may be derived from the style of composition:
uld certainly induce us to fix it somewhat late in the
of our great dramatist.
on the whole well printed for the time in the folio of
ut in Act ii. sc. 3, either the transcriber of the manu-
or the compositor must have omitted a line, which
upplied from conjecture (with the aid of North's
h), and which has ever since been received into the
cause it is absolutely necessary to the intelligibility
passage. For the sake of greater distinction, we have
the line within brackets, besides pointing out the
stance in a note.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, a noble Roman.
TITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the Volscian
COMINIUS, }
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.
JUNIUS BRUTUS, }
YOUNG MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædile
Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Se
vants to Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly in Rome; and partly in the Territori
of the Volscians and Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter a Company of mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other Weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die, than to famish?

All. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

All. We know 't, we know 't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

All. No more talking on 't; let it be done. Away, away!

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.—

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the abjectness[1] of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first: he 's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.*[2] Very well; and could be content to give him

[1] *object:* in f. e. [2] *All.:* in folio.

good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and partly to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations: he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: would, all the rest were so!

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you
With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate: they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, sir; we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack!

You are transported by calamity.
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us?—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there 's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be, you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale[1] 't a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well,
I 'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think
To fob off our disgraces with a tale;
But, an 't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where th' other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered.—

2 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As well as speak) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 *Cit.* Your belly's answer? What!
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,

[1] Theobald reads: stale.

The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—
Men. What then?
'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?
2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—
Men. Well, what then?
2 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you 'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while, you 'll hear the belly's answer.
2 *Cit.* Y' are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:—
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: but if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, the senate, brain;[1]
And through the ranks[2] and offices of man:
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends," this says the belly, mark me,—
2 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.
Men. "Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran." What say you to 't?
2 *Cit.* It was an answer. How apply you this?
Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: for examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly,
Touching the weal o' the common, you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,

[1] to the seat o' the brain: in f. e. [2] cranks: in f. e.

And no way from yourselves.—What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly?—
2 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?
Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle;
The one side must have bale.[1]—Hail, noble Marcius!
Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.
Mar. Thanks.—What 's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?
2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.
Mar. He that will give good words to ye, will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you;
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy, whose offence suddues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
Deserves your hate; and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change your mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate,
Him vile, that was your garland. What 's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What 's their seeking?
Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they say,
The city is well stor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em! They say?
They 'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What 's done i' the Capitol; who 's like to rise,

[1] *Evil.*

Who thrives, and who declines; side factions, and gi
out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there 's grai
enough?
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I 'd make a quarry[1]
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick[2] my lance.

Men. Nay, these are all most[3] thoroughly persuaded;
For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—
That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat;
That meat was made for mouths; that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale) they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their exultation[4].

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: one 's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go; get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where 's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here. What 's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't: then, we shall have means to vent

[1] *Heap of dead gums.* [2] *Throw.* [3] almost: in f. e. [4] emulation: in f. e.

Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *and other Senators;* JUNIUS BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 't is true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility,
And, were I any thing but what I am,
Would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I 'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What! art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I 'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you,
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Marcius!

1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes! be gone.
[*To the Citizens.*

Mar. Nay, let them follow.
The Volsces have much corn: take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt Senators,* COM. MAR. TIT. *and* MENEN. *Citizens steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird[1] the gods.
Sic. Bemock the modest moon.
Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.
Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"
Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits[2] rob Cominius.
Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.
Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and Senators.*

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever have been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I think,
I have the letter here; yes, here it is:— [*Reads*

[1] *Taunt.* [2] *Merits.*

"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east, or west. The dearth is great;
The people mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 't is bent: most likely, 't is for you.
Consider of it."

1 Sen. Our army 's in the field.
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when [ing,
They needs must show themselves; which in the hatch-
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands.
[*Giving it.*[1]
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before 's, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you 'll find
They 've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O! doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'T is sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Not in f. e.

SCENE III.—Rome. An Apartment in MARCIUS' House.

Enter VOLUMNIA, *and* VIRGILIA. *They sit down on two low Stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then, his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome." His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man, that 's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow? O, Jupiter! no blood,

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood,
At Grecian swords contemning.[1]—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He 'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA *and her Usher.*

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam.

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest housekeepers. What are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I 'll swear, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mammocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 't is a noble child.

Vir. A crack[2], madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors?

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Vol. Fie! you confine yourself most unreasonably. Come; you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

[1] *contending: in f. e.* [2] *A fine boy.*

Vir. 'T is not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come: I would, your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O! good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you, there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it 's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volsces have an army forth, against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Before Corioli.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MARCIUS[1], TITUS LARTIUS, *Officers, and Soldiers.*

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'T is done.

Lart. Agreed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoke as yet.

[1] f. e. add: "*to them a Messenger,*" and omit the stage direction below.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.
Mar. I 'll buy him of you.
Lart. No, I 'll not sell, nor give him: lend you him I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.
Mar. How far off lie these armies?
Mess. Within this mile and half.
Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work,
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.
A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, two Senators, and others.
Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
That 's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
[*Drums afar off.*
Are bringing forth our youth: we 'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes;
They 'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off:
[*Alarum afar off.*
There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.
Mar. O! they are at it.
Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!
The Volsces enter, and pass over the Stage.
Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance, brave Titus:
They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows:
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.
Alarum, and exeunt Romans and Volsces, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS *enraged.*
Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! Unheard-of boils and plagues[1]
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,

[1] You herd of—Boils and plagues: in f. e.

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I 'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you. Look to 't: come on;
If you 'll stand fast, we 'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches follow.

Another Alarum. The Volsces and Romans re-enter, and the Fight is renewed. The Volsces retire into Corioli, and MARCIUS *follows them to the Gates.*

So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds.
'T is for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the Gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness! not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*

All. To the port[1] I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What is become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

The Gates open. Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir!

Lart. O, 't is Marcius!
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

[1] pot: in f. e.

SCENE V.—Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with Spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*

Enter MARCIUS, *and* TITUS LARTIUS, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them!—
And hark, what noise the general makes.—To him!
There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not;
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest. So, farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of COMINIUS.

Enter COMINIUS *and Forces, as in retreat.*

Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well fought: we are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,

We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends :—ye, Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering
May give you thankful sacrifice !—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who 's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli, in the name of Rome,

Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he!—Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them?)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think it.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purposes.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Those bands i' the vayward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country 's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their Swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their Caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you, march before[1],
And I[2] shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a Guard upon Corioli, going with Drum and Trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame I[3] envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,

[1] to march: in f. e. [2] four: in f. e. [3] and: in f. e.

Halloo me like a hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd. 'T is not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Were thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—
[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of* AUFIDIUS.
Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.
[*Exeunt fighting, all driven in by* MARCIUS.

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A Retreat sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, *and Romans; at the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his Arm in a Scarf, and other Romans.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds; but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fusty plebeians hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—
"We thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier!"—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.
Enter TITUS LARTIUS *with his Power, from the pursuit.*
Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—
Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have done,
As you have done; that 's what I can; induc'd
As you have been; that 's for my country:
He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.
Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 't were a concealment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. Therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry,* MARCIUS! MARCIUS! *cast up their Caps and Lances:* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more: when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing;
When steel grows soft as the parasite's silk,
Let it[1] be made a coverture[2] for the wars.
No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here 's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we 'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore, be it known,

[1] them: in f. e. [2] overture: in f. e.

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!
[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.*
All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.
Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take it: 't is yours.—What is 't?
Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
To give my poor host freedom.
Com. O, well-begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent.
The blood upon your visage dries; 't is time
It should be look'd to. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volsces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!—
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee: so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his. Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in 't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I 'll potch[1] at him some way,
Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *Sold.* He 's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour 's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him: for him
'T shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embargments[2] all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 's heart.—Go you to the city:
Learn, how 't is held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 *Sold.* Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you,
('T is south the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 *Sold.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Thrust at with a pointed instrument.* [2] *Embargoes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, *and* BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He 's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He 's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He 's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now. Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir; well.

Men. Why, 't is no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O! that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, without[1] a drop of allaying Tiber in 't: said to be something imperfect in favouring the thirst[2] complaint; hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that tell you, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough, too? What harm can your bisson[3] conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough, too?

Bru. Come, sir, come; we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller, and then adjourn[4] the controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience.—When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers, set up the bloody flag against all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy pleading[5], the more entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cause is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they

[1] with not: in f. e. [2] first: in f. e. [3] *Blind.* [4] rejourn: in f. e. [5] bleeding: in f. e.

shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though, peradventure, some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good den to your worships: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you. [BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *stand back.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, *&c.*

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches: for the love of Juno let 's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee.—Ho! Marcius coming home? [*Throwing up his Cap.*[1]

Both Ladies. Nay, 't is true.

Vol. Look, here 's a letter from him: the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night.—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there 's a letter for you; I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiric physic[2], and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O! no, no, no.

Vol. O! he is wounded; I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much.—Brings 'a victory in his pocket, the wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] is but empiricutic: in f. e.; emperickqutique: in folio.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 't was time for him too; I 'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that 's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let 's go.—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war. He hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there 's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous: ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True! pow, wow.

Men. True! I 'll be sworn they are true.—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the Tribunes, who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there 's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it 's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A Shout and Flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him
He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears.
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS *and* TITUS LARTIUS: *between them,* CORIOLANUS, *crowned with an oaken Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.*

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these
In honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, sir, your mother.—
Cor. O!
You have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O! thy wife—
Cor. My gracious silence, hail! [*Rising.*[1]
Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.
Men. Now, the gods crown thee!
Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.
[*To* VALERIA.
Vol. I know not where to turn:—O! welcome home;
And welcome, general;—and you are welcome all.
Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome!
A curse begin at very root on 's heart,
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three,
That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.
Com. Ever right.
Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.
Her. Give way there, and go on!
Cor. Your hand,—and yours.
[*To his Wife and Mother.*
Ere in our own house I do shade my head,
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have receiv'd, not only greetings,
But with them charge of honours.
Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy:

[1] Not in f. e.

Only there 's one thing wanting, which I doubt
But our Rome will cast upon thee.
Cor. Know, good n
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.
Com. On, to the Capit
[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as be*
The Tribunes remain.
Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared si
Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture[1] lets her baby cry
While she cheers[2] him: the kitchen malkin[3] pins
Her richest lockram[4] 'bout her reechy[5] neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, window
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gauded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.
Sic. On the sudden
I warrant him consul.
Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.
Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin, and end; but will
Lose those he hath won.
Bru. In that there 's comfort.
Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget, with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he 'll give them, make I as little question
As he is proud to do 't.
Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put

[1] *Fit.* [2] chats: in f. e. [3] The diminutive of Mall or Mary—used as "*wench*." It also means a *mop*, a *clout*. [4] A kind of *cheap linen*. [5] *Smoky, dirty*.

The napless vesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.
Sic. 'T is right.
Bru. It was his word. O! he would miss it, rather
Than carry it but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.
Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.
Bru. 'T is most like, he will.
Sic. It shall be to him, then, at our good wills,
A sure destruction.
Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities, for an end.
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them; that to his power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in the war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch[1] the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that 's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What 's the matter?
Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is thought,
That Marcius shall be consul. I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower, and thunder, with their caps, and shouts.
I never saw the like.
Bru. Let 's to the Capitol;

[1] teach: in f. e.

And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay Cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come; they are almost here. How many stand for consulships?

2 *Off.* Three, they say; but 't is thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That 's a brave fellow; but he 's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good, nor harm; but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any farther deed to have them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy man. Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS *the Consul,* MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, *many other Sena-*

tors, SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS. *The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces, and
To send for Titus Lartius, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present consul, and last general
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom
We meet here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good Cominius:
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our state 's defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out.—Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treatise[1]; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be prest[2] to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.

Men. That 's off, that 's off:
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly;
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bed-fellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

[CORIOLANUS *rises, and offers to go away.*

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,

[1] *treaty: in f. e.* [2] blest: in f. e.

Than hear say how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.
Cor. No, sir: yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.
Men. Pray now, sit down.
Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monstered. [*Exit.*
Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That 's thousand to one good one) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one on 's ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrid
An o'er-pressed Roman, and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field; and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd[1] all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot

[1] *Gained* by an easy victory.

He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tuned[1] with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all 's his;
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense: then, straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o' the world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time to end it.

Men. He 's right noble:
Let him be called for.

1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleas'd
To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to 't:

[1] timed: in f. e.

Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that? [*To* SICINIUS.[1]

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus;—
Show them th' unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.—

Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose:—to them, and to our noble consul,
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Exeunt Senators.*

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive 's intent! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which we, being members, should bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

[1] Not in f. e.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will: 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where, being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—you may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that 's no matter; the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him, where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He 's to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I 'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O sir! you are not right: have you not known
The worthiest men have done 't?

Cor. What must I say?—
I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir;—my wounds;—
I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!
You must not speak of that: you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!
I would they would forget me, like the virtues

Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men. You 'll mar all:
I'll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.—
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir: tell us what hath brought you to 't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not
Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir: 't was never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?
Sir, I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you,
Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir;
What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha 't, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—
There is in all two worthy voices begg'd.—
I have your alms: adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.
[*Exeunt the two Citizens.*

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will not, sir, flatter my sworn brothers, the people, to earn a dearer

estimation of them: 't is a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not stale your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily.

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Most sweet voices!—
Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this woolless[1] toge should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to o'er-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through:
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of: for your voices,
Have done many things, some less, some more.
Your voices; for indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore, let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen.—
God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt Citizens.*

[1] woolvish: in f. e.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, *with* BRUTUS, *and* SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in th' official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
The people to admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.—[*Exeunt* CORIOL. *and* MENEN
He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'T is warm at 's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters! have you chose this man

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 't is his kind of speech: he did not mock us

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,
He us'd us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for 's country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw 'em

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could show
in private;
And with his hat thus waving it in scorn,
"I would be consul," says he: "aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me;
Your voices therefore." When we granted that,
Here was,—"I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no farther with you."—Was not this mockery?

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see 't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway i' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves. You should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had called you up, have held him to,
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves, and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker; and, now again,
Of[1] him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He 's not confirmed; we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:

[1] On.

I 'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you; but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your minds,
Pre-occupy'd with what you rather must do,
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul. Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country.
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians: from whence came
That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king.
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,[1]
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,

[1] This line was added by Pope.

Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he 's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.
Bru. Say, you ne'er had done 't,
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
All. We will so: almost all
Repent in their election. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater.
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.
Sic. To the Capitol:
Come, we 'll be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Cor. Tullus Aufidius, then, had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then, the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retir'd to Antium.
Cor. Spoke he of me?
Lart. He did, my lord.
Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most; that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.
Cor. At Antium lives he?
Lart. At Antium.
Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.
[*To* LARTIUS.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no farther.
Cor Ha! what is that?
Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no farther.
Cor. What makes this change?
Men. The matter?
Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the commons?
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:
Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call 't not a plot.
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them gratis, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them?
Com. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond' clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that,
For which the people stir. If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a consul,
Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let 's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd; set on.—This paltering
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:—
For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves. I say again,
In soothing them we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till they decay against those meazels[1],
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought

[1] *Lepers.*

The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,
As if you were a god to punish, not
A man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'T were well,
We let the people know 't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!
Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind,
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any farther.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute "shall?"
Com. 'T was from the canon.
Cor. "Shall!"
O, good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra leave[1] to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory "shall," being but
The horn and noise o' the monster[2], wants not spirit
To say, he 'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your impotence[3]; if none, revoke[4]
Your dangerous bounty[5]. If you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators; and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the great'st taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his "shall,"
His popular "shall," against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.
Com. Well—on to the market-place.
Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth

[1] here: in f. e. [2] monsters: in f. e. [3] ignorance: in f. e. [4] awake: in f. e. [5] lenity: in f. e.

he corn o' the store-house gratis, as 't was used
ometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power,
. say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I 'll give my reasons
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not their[1] recompence, resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't. Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive[2]
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bisson[3] multitude[4] digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What 's like to be their words:—"We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness. Purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you,

[1] our: in f. e. [2] native: in f. e. [3] *Blind.* [4] bosom multiplied: in f. e.

You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change on 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump[1] a body with a dangerous physic
That 's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue: let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it,
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what 's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Ædile.*] in whose name, myself
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. We 'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter the Ædile, with others, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here 's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

[1] *Risk.*

Cit. Down with him! down with him! [*Several speak.*
2 *Sen.* Weapons! weapons! weapons!
[*They all bustle about* CORIOLANUS.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion 's near: I cannot speak.—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me! people, peace!
Cit. Let 's hear our tribune:—Peace! Speak, speak, speak.
Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom late you have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
Cit. True;
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him.
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace!

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No; I'll die here. [*Drawing his Sword.*
There's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.
Men. Down with that sword!—Tribunes, withdraw a while.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble; help him, young and old!
Cit. Down with him! down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People, are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house: be gone, away!
All will be naught else.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast:
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent yourself. Begone, 'beseech you.
Com. Come, sir, along with us.
Cor. I would they were barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd, not Romans, as they are not
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol!
Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue:
One time will owe another.
Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.
Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes
Com. But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend

Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear?
Men. Pray you, be gone.
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little: this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, *and others.*
1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.
Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*
Here 's goodly work!
2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?
Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the Rabble.*
Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?
Men. You worthy tribunes,—
Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Cit. He shall, sure on 't.
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you
Have holp to make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak.—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.—
Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He a consul!
Cit. No, no, no, no, no.
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good p
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no farther harm,
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory to despatch
This viperous traitor. To eject him hence,
Were but one danger, and to keep him here,
Our certain death: therefore, it is decreed
He dies to-night.
Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserving[1] children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.
Men. O! he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropp'd it for his country
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end of the world.
Sic. This is clean k
Bru. Merely awry. When he did love his co
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was.
Bru. We'll hear no more.—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread farther.
Men. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by proce
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,

[1] deserved: in f. e. [2] *Crooked.*

And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our Ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ?—Come !—
Men. Consider this :—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In boulted language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I 'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.
1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.
Sic. Noble Menenius,
Be you, then, as the people's officer.—
Masters, lay down your weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We 'll attend you there:
Where, if you bring not Marcius, we 'll proceed
In our first way.
Men. I 'll bring him to you.—
Let me desire your company. [*To the Senators.*] He must come,
Or what is worst will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray you, let 's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in CORIOLANUS's House.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *and Patricians.*

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears: present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.[1]
1 *Pat.* You do the nobler.
Cor. I muse my mother
Does not approve me farther, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals; things created
To buy and sell with groats; to show bare heads

[1] *Enter* VOLUMNIA: in f. e.

In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA[1].

I talk of you:
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, son, son, son![2]
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS, *and Senators.*

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough, something too rough:
You must return, and mend it.

1 *Sen.* There 's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray, be counsell'd.
I have a heart as little apt as yours
To brook control without the use of anger,[3]
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman!
Before he should thus stoop o' the heart,[4] but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do 't to them?

[1] Not in f. e. [2] sir, sir, sir: in f. e. [3] This line is not in f. e.
[4] to the *herd*: in f. e.; changed by Theobald, from *heart*, in the folio.

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: grant that, and tell me,
In peace what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there?
Cor. Tush, tush!
Men. A good demand.
Vol. If it be honour in your wars to seem
The same you are not, (which for your best ends
You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted[1] in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—
I would dissemble with my nature, where,
My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us: speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant

[1] roated: in *folio*. Dyce reads: rooted.

More learned than the ears) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now 's humble as the ripest mulberry
That will not hold the handling. Or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go, and be rul'd; although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place; and, sir, 't is fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence: all 's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 't will serve; if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will.—
Pr'ythee now, say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go show them my unbarbed sconce?
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do 't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw 't against the wind.—To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we 'll prompt you

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son: as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do 't.
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe

Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do 't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness; for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
But ow'st[1] thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I 'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going.
Commend me to my wife. I 'll return consul,
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery farther.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*

Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—pray you, let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home; that he affects
Tyrannical power: if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy[2] to the people;
And that the spoil got on the Antiates

[1] *owe: in f. e.* [2] *Hatred.*

Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What! will he come?

Æd. He 's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 't is ready.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say, "It shall be so,
I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say, fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death;"
Insisting on their old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go; about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight. He hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his mouth[1]
Of contradiction: being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What 's in his heart; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice

[1] worth: in f. e.

Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
1 Sen. Amen, amen.
Men. A noble wish.
Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.
Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes. Audience: peace! I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?
Cor. I am content.
Men. Lo, citizens! he says, he is content.
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think upon the wounds his body bears, which show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briars;
Scars to move laughter only.
Men. Consider farther,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier. Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy you.
Com. Well, well; no more.
Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then: 't is true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical:
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!

Call me their traitor?—Thou injurious tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock! to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this
The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,
I pray you,—

Cor. I'll know no farther.
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
Nor check my carriage[1] for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, good morrow.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us, the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city,
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more

[1] courage: in f. e.

To enter our Rome gates. I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away.
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends;—

Sic. He's sentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak.
I have been consul, and can show for Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then, if I would
Speak that—

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said; but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so: it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels)
Making not[1] reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes) deliver you as most
Abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back.
There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, *Senators, and Patricians.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

[*The People shout, and throw up their Caps.*

Sic. Go, see him out at gates; and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite:

[1] but: *in folio.* Capell made the change.

Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
Cit. Come, come; let us see him out at gates: come.—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS COMINIUS, *and several young Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears: a brief farewell.—The beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle minded[1] craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman.—
Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish!
Cor. What, what, what!
I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'd have done, and sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not: adieu.—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I 'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hardening spectacles; tell these sad women,
'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 't is to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you wot well,

[1] wounded: in f. e.

My hazards still have been your solace; and
Believe 't not lightly, though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your son
Will or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a while: determine on some course
More than a wild exposure[1] to each chance,
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I 'll follow thee a month; devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one
That 's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That 's worthily
As any ear can hear.—Come; let 's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I 'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.—
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Street near the Gate.

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an Ædile.*

Sic. Bid them all home: he 's gone, and we 'll no farther.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

[1] exposture: in folio.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home.
[*Exit Ædile.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.
Sic. Let 's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say, she 's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. O! y'are well met. The hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace! be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
[*To* BRUTUS.
Vir. You shall stay too. [*To* SICIN.] I would, I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool; is that a shame?—Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?
Sic. O, blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words;
And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what—yet go:—
Nay, but thou shalt stay too.—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Vir. What then!
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.—
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!
Men. Come, come: peace!
Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had. 'T was you incens'd the rabble:
Curs, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries, which heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this:—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son,
This lady's husband here, this, do you see,
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well; we 'll leave you.
Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—[*Exeunt Tribunes.*
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You 'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger 's my meat: I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.—Come, let 's go.
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Highway between Rome and Antium.

Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir; and you know me. Your name, I think, is Adrian.
Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman: and my services are, as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?
Vol. Nicanor? No.
Rom. The same, sir.
Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you; but your favour is well approved[1] by your tongue. What 's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: you have well sav'd me a day's journey.
Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

[1] appeared: in f. e.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so: they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again; for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy, Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Corialanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife is when she 's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from Rome, all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one; the centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir: I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Antium. Before the House of AUFIDIUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *in mean Apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium.—City,
'T is I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then, know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseech you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewell. [*Exit Citizen.*
O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house[1], whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broken their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate[2] I, and my love 's upon
This enemy town. I 'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I 'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The Same. A Hall in AUFIDIUS's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here?
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter a second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where 's Cotus? My master calls for him.—
Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house. The feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are
you? Here 's no place for you: pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his

[1] *hours: in f. e* [2] *have: in folio.* Steevens made the change.

eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions[1]? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now, th' art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant: the first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go,
And batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then, thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No: I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; 't is an honester service than to meddle with thy mistress.
Thou prat'st, and prat'st: serve with thy trencher.
Hence! [*Beats him.*

Enter AUFIDIUS *and the second Servant.*

Auf. Where is this fellow?

[1] Often used in a disparaging sense, like *fellows*.

2 *Serv.* Here, sir. I 'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what 's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.*
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [*Servants retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what 's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't: though thy tackle 's torn,
Thou show'st a noble vessel. What 's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not.—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope,
Mistake me not, to save my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast
A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
And *make my misery serve thy turn*: so use it,

That my revengeful services may prove
As benefits to thee; for I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends. But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art tir'd; then, in a word, I also am
Longer to live most weary, and present
My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yond' cloud speak divine things,
And say, "'T is true;" I 'd not believe them more
Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where against
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd[1] the moon with splinters! Here I clip[2]
The anvil of my sword; and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married: never man
Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose mine arm for 't. Thou hast beat me out[3]
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me:
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that
Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,

[1] scarr'd: in folio. [2] Embrace. [3] Out and out; completely.

old flood o'er-bear.[1] O! come; go in,
› our friendly senators by the hands,
v are here, taking their leaves of me,
prepar'd against your territories,
not for Rome itself.
You bless me, gods!
Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
ing of thine own revenges, take
half of my commission; and set down,—
hou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
ıtry's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
to knock against the gates of Rome,
y visit them in parts remote,
; them, ere destroy. But come in:
ommend thee first to those, that shall
a," to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
e a friend than e'er an enemy;
:cius, that was much. Your hand: most wel-
ıme! [*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.
. [*Advancing.*] Here 's a strange alteration!
. By my hand, I had thought to have strucken
ı a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his
ıade a false report of him.
. What an arm he has! He turned me about
finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.
. Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—
tell how to term it.
. He had so; looking as it were,—Would I
nged, but I thought there was more in him
ıuld think.
. So did I, I 'll be sworn. He is simply the
ın i' the world.
. I think, he is; but a greater soldier than he,
one.
. Who? my master?
. Nay, it 's no matter for that.
. Worth six on him.
. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be
er soldier.
. 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say
the defence of a town, our general is excellent.
. Ay, and for an assault too.

[1] beat: in folio.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves! I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1. 2. *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado[1].

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled[2] and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He 'll go, he says, and sowle[3] the porter of Rome gates by the ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage polled[4].

2 *Serv.* And he 's as like to do 't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do 't! he will do 't; for, (look you, sir,) he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he 's in dejectitude[5].

1 *Serv.* Dejectitude[6]! what 's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

[1] A *piece of meat* cut and hacked for broiling. [2] boiled: in folio. [3] *Pull out.* [4] *Cleared.* [5] [6] directitude: in f. e.

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 't is, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2. *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it 's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vaunt.[1] Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'T is so: and as wars in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars, for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians.—They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tamed by[2] the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'T is he, 't is he. O! he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand,
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All 's well; and might have been much better, if

[1] vent: in f. e. [2] tame i': in f. e.

He could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you!

Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his w
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-den, our neighbo

Bru. Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our kn
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live, and thrive

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours. We wish'd Co
Had lov'd you as we did. [la

Cit. Now the gods keep you

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citiz*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it; and Rom
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rom
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk yo
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot

The Volsces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the senate house: some news is come in,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'T is this slave.
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising;
Nothing but his report.

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker sort may wish
God[1] Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,[2]
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate.
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

[1] Good: in f. e. [2] *At one, agree.*

Com. O! you have made good work.
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—
Men. What 's the news? what 's the news?
Com. Your temples burned in their cement; and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
Com. If!
He is their god: he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the legions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.
Men. We are all undone unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him, even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'T is true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair
You, and your handy[1] crafts have crafted fair. [hands,
Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer. Desperation
Is all the policy, strength, and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no matter:
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
Cit. Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.
2 *Cit.* And so did I.
3 *Cit.* And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did very many of us. That we did, we did for the best; and though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
Com. Y' are goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall 's to the Capitol?
Com. O! ay, what else? [*Exeunt* Com. *and* Men.
Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd:

[1] This word is not in f. e.

These are a side that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And show no sign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when we banished him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home.
[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol.—Would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—A Camp; at a small distance from Rome.

Enter AUFIDIUS, *and his Lieutenant.*

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him; yet his nature
In that's no changeling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean, for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,

we come to our account..
ir, I beseech you, think you he 'll carry Rome?
ll places yield to him ere he sits down;
obility of Rome are his:
tors and patricians love him too.
nes are no soldiers; and their people
s rash in the repeal, as hasty
him thence. I think, he 'll be to Rome,
osprey to the fish, who takes it
ignty of nature.[1] First he was
ervant to them, but he could not
honours even; whether 't was pride,
t of daily fortune ever taints
y man; whether defect of judgment,
the disposing of those chances
was lord of; or whether nature,
other than one thing, not moving
casque to the cushion, but commanding peace,
h the same austerity and garb
troll'd the war; but one of these
th spices of them all, not all,
e so far free him) made him fear'd,
and so banish'd: but he has a merit,
it in the utterance. So our virtues
the interpretation of the time,
er, in[3] itself most commendable,
a tomb so evident as a cheer[4]
what it hath done.
lrives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
rights suffer[5], strengths by strengths do fail.
t 's away.—When, Caius, Rome is thine,
poor'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

popular belief is referred to. [2] Lie: in f. e. [3] unto: in
r: in f. e. [5] fouler: in f. e.

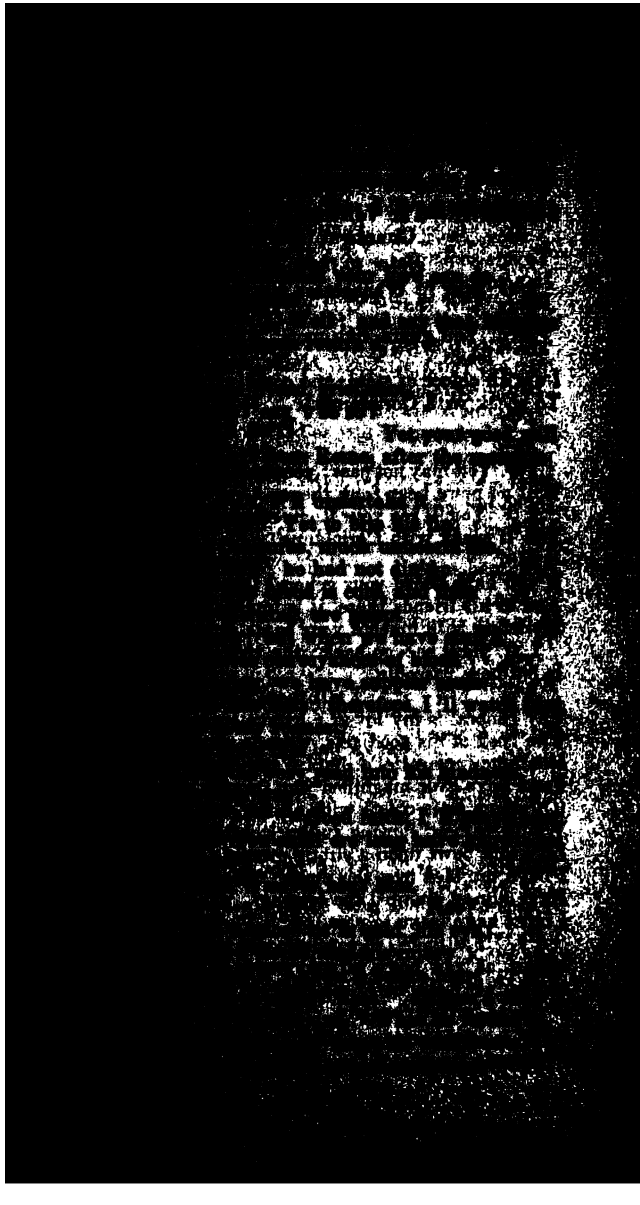
ACT V.

SCENE 1.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

Men. No, I 'll not go: you hear what he hath said
To one sometime his general: who lov'd him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me father,
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy. Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I 'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.
Men. Do you hear?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name.
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to; forbad all names:
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so; you have made good work
A pair of tribunes, that have wreck'd[1] for Rome,
To make coals cheap, a noble memory!
Com. I minded him, how royal 't was to pardon
When it was least expected: he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.
Men. Very well: could he say less?
Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 't was folly
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am one of those; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too; we are the grains:
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.
Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuse your aid

[1] Most mod. eds. read: rack'd.



So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let 's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeun*

SCENE II.—The Volscian Camp before Rome. Th
Guards at their Sations.

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay! Whence are you?
2 *G.* Stand, and go back.
Men. You guard like men: 't is well; but, by you
leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.
1 *G.* From whence?
Men. From Rom
1 *G.* You may not pass; you must return: our gener
Will no more hear from thence.
2 *G.* You 'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, befo
You 'll speak with Coriolanus.
Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.
1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.
Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover[1]: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever magnified[2] my friends,
(Of whom he 's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw, and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing[3]. Therefore, fellov
I must have leave to pass.
1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in h
behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, y
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuo
to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

[1] This word was often used for *friend*. [2] verified: in f.
[3] *Falsehood.*

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined. canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the queasy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution. You are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say: go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood,—back,—that 's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What 's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I 'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering: behold now presently, and swoon for what 's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here 's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured,

none but myself could move thee. I have been bl
out of your gates with sighs, and conjure thee
pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen.
good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs o
upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, h
denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How? away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affai
Are servanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, my remission lies
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone:
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a Pa*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius
I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius,
Was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFID

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'T is a spell, you see, of much power. You k
the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent[1] for keep
your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your gene
for such things as you, I can scarce think there 's a
you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by him
fears it not from another. Let your general do
worst. For you, be that you are, long; and y
misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I
said to, away! [*E*

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: he is
rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exe*

SCENE III.—The Tent of CORIOLANUS.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morro
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,

[1] *Rebuked.*

You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly
I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father:
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly to him) once more offer'd
The first conditions, which they did refuse,
And cannot now accept, to grace him only
That thought he could do more. A very little
I have yielded, too: fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [*Shout*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow [*within.*
In the same time 't is made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and Attendants.*

My wife comes foremost; then, the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows,
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor, now,

I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say
For that, "Forgive our Romans."—O! a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate[1],
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kne*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaking[2] all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kne*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then, let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun,
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be slight work. [*Rising and raising h*
Vol. Thou art my warrior
I holp[4] to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That 's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which, by the interpretation of full time,
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st pr
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, sirra!
Cor. That 's my brave boy!
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,

[1] pray: in folio. Theobald made the change. [2] mistaken f. e. [3] Not in f. e. [4] hope: in folio. Corrected by Pope.

Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you 'd ask, remember this before:
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O! no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will ask;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we 'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. [*Takes his seat.*[1]
—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment,
And state of bodies, would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out; and so poor we,
Thine enemies most capital.[2] Thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy; for how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win; for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else

[1] Not in f. e. [2] f. e. have:

And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital.

Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me:
I 'll run away till I am bigger, but then I 'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be, [*Aside.*
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising*

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: no; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son
The end of war 's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
Whose repetition shall be dogg'd with curses,
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
To each ensuing age abhorr'd." Speak to me, son!
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you;

[1] Not in f. e.

He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy:
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons. There is no man in the world
More bound to 's mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks.—Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request 's unjust,
And spurn me back; but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
[*All kneel.*[1]
To his surname, Coriolanus, 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last;—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I 'll speak a little. [*struggling.*[2]
[*He holds* VOLUMNIA *by the hand, long, and self-*
Cor. O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold! the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O! believe it,—
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I 'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was mov'd withal.
Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *He holds* VOLUMNIA *by the hand, silent*: in f. e

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me. For my part,
I 'll not to Rome, I 'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother! wife!

Auf. [*Aside.*] I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I 'll work
Myself a firmer fortune.

[*The Ladies make signs to* CORIOLANUS.

Cor. Ay, by and by;
[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *&c.*
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond' corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your litttle finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him: but I say, there is no hope in 't. Our throats are sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is 't possible, that so short a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he 's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes: when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hem! is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for Alexander. What

he bids be done, is finished with his bidding: he wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them; and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you 'd save your life, fly to your house.
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They 'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What 's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news!—The ladies have pre-
The Volscians are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone. [vail'd,
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Shouts, Trumpets and Hautboys sounded, and Drums beaten, all together.*

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news.
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land-full. You have pray'd well to-day:
This morning for ten thousand of your throats
I 'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and Music.*

Sic. First, the gods bless you for the tidings: next,

Accept my thankfulness.
Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city
Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them
And help the joy. [*Going*
Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.
1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome!
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!
All. Welcome, ladies!
Welcome! [*A Flourish with Drums and Trumpets*
[*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—Antium. A Public Place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here.
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t' appear before the people, hoping [*Attendants*
To purge himself with words. Despatch. [*Exeunt*
Enter Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' *Faction.*
Most welcome!
1 *Con.* How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent, wherein
You wish'd us parties, we 'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell:
We must proceed, as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there 's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and fierce.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame
Which he did ear[1] all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He waged[2] me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord;
The army marvell'd at it; and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I 'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.*

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,

[1] end: in f. e. [2] *Paid.*

Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more.
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with Drums and Colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—how now!—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius. Dost thou think,

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—
You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt your city, Rome;
I say your city, to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave) shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for 't.

All People. Tear him to pieces; do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter:—he killed my cousin Marcus:—he killed my father.—

2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage:—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O! that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[AUFIDIUS *and the Conspirators draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls:* AUFIDIUS *stands on him.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold
Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.
1 *Lord.* O Tullus!—
2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.
3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet.—
Put up your swords.
Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.
1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded,
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.
2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let 's make the best of it.
Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I 'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully;
Trail your steel spikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist. [*Exeunt, bearing the Body of* CORIOLANUS. *A dead March*[1], *while they pass round the Stage.*

[1] The rest of this stage direction is not in f. e.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine theyr Seruants. At London, Printed by I. R. for Edward White, and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun. 1600. 4to. 40 leaves.

The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene plaide by the Kings Maiesties Seruants. London, Printed for Eedward White, and are to be solde at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611. 4to. 40 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus" occupies twenty-two pages, in the division of "Tragedies," viz. from p. 31 to p. 52 inclusive. The three later folios, of course, insert it in the same part of the volume.

INTRODUCTION.

We feel no hesitation in assigning "Titus Andronicus" to akespeare. Whether he may lay claim to it as the author the entire tragedy, or only in a qualified sense, as having ıde additions to, and improvements in it, is a different and more difficult question.

We find it given to him by his contemporary, Francis Meres, his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, where he mentions "Titus An-onicus" in immediate connection with "Richard II.," Richard III.," "Henry IV.," "King John," and "Romeo ıd Juliet." It was also inserted in the folio of 1623 by akespeare's fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, and they ace it between "Coriolanus" and "Romeo and Juliet." ad it not been by our great dramatist, Meres, who was well quainted with the literature of his time, would not have ributed it to him; and the player-editors, who had been akespeare's "fellows and friends," and were men of char-ter and experience, would not have included it in their vol-ıe. These two facts are, in our view, sufficient[1].

It was, undoubtedly, one of his earliest, if not his very liest dramatic production. We are not to suppose that at time he first joined a theatrical company in London, when might not be more than twenty-two or twenty-three years , his style was as formed and as matured as it afterwards ame: all are aware that there is a most marked distinction ween his mode of composition early and late in life; as ex-ited, for instance, in "Love's Labour's Lost," and in "The nter's Tale;" and we apprehend that "Titus Andronicus" ongs to a period even anterior to the former. Supposing 'itus Andronicus" to have been written about 1588, we are ecollect that our dramatic poets were then only beginning hrow off the shackles of rhyme, and their versification par-k of the weight and monotony which were the usual accom-iments of couplets. "Titus Andronicus" is to be read ler this impression, and many passages will then be found t which, we think, are remarkable indications of skill and

[1] We consider Ravenscroft's testimony, in his alteration of "Titus lronicus," (acted about 1678, and printed nine years afterwards) ery little value: in his suppressed Prologue he asserted it to be the uestionable work of Shakespeare, while in his preface to the ited copy in 1687, he mentions it as a stage-tradition, that Shake-are only gave "some master-touches to one or two of the principal racters."

power in an unpractised dramatist: as a poetical production it has not hitherto had justice done to it, on account, partly, of the revolting nature of the plot. Compared with the versification of Greene, Peele, or Lodge, the lines in "Titus Andronicus" will be found to run with ease and variety, and they are scarcely inferior to the later and better productions of Marlowe. Neither is internal evidence wholly wanting, for words and phrases employed by Shakespeare in his other works may be pointed out; and in Act iii. sc. 1, we meet a remarkable expression, which is also contained in "Venus and Adonis."

With reference to the general complexity of the drama, and the character of the plot, it must also be borne in mind that it was produced at a time, when scenes of horror were especially welcome to public audiences, and when pieces were actually recommended to their admiration in consequence of the blood and slaughter with which they abounded. Shakespeare, perhaps, took up the subject on this account, and he worked it out in such a way as, prior to the introduction and formation of a purer taste, would best gratify those for whose amusement it was intended.

The oldest known edition of "Titus Andronicus" bears date in 1600: two copies of it are extant, the one in the collection of Lord Francis Egerton, now before us, and the other in the Signet Library at Edinburgh. This second copy was not discovered until very recently, and we feel convinced that a more ancient impression will some time or other again be brought to light. That it once existed, we have the testimony of Langbaine, in his "Account of English Dramatic Poets," 8 vo. 1691, where he tells us that the play was "first printed 4to. Lond. 1594." Consistently with this assertion we find the following entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company:—

"6 Feb. 1593
John Danter] A booke entitled a noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus."

The Stationers' books contain several subsequent memoranda respecting "Titus Andronicus," bearing date 19th April, 1602, 14th Dec. 1624, and 8th Nov. 1630; but none which seems to have relation to the editions of 1600 and 1611. No quarto impressions of a subsequent date are known, and the tragedy next appeared in the folio of 1623. The folio was printed from the quarto of 1611, but with the addition of a short scene in the third Act, which otherwise, according to the divisions there adopted, would have consisted of only one scene.

The wording of the title-page of the edition of 1600 is remarkable, although it has hitherto been passed over without due notice: it professes that the drama had been played not only by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants," of whom Shakespeare was one, but by the theatrical servants of the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Sussex. The performance of Shakespeare's plays seems almost uniformly to have been confined to the company to which he belonged;

but we know from Henslowe's Diary that between 3rd June, 1594, and 15th Nov. 1596, the Lord Chamberlain's servants were acting in apparent conjunction with those of the Lord Admiral[2]: one of the plays, enumerated by Henslowe as having been acted in this interval, is "Titus Andronicus," which circumstance he records under date of 12th June, 1594. This may have been the very play Shakespeare had written, and which having been thus represented by several companies, although the Earl of Nottingham's servants was not one of them, the fact was stated on the title-page of the earliest extant impression. It is to be observed, however, that Henslowe has an entry of the performance of "Titus Andronicus" on the 23rd Jan. 1593–4, when it appears to have been a new play. The "Titus Andronicus," therefore, acted on 12th June, 1594, may have been a repetition of a drama, which possibly had been got up for Henslowe, in consequence of the success of a tragedy upon the same story, the property of a rival company. There can be little doubt that Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" was written several years earlier.

It is very possible that Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" was founded upon some anterior dramatic performance, but on this point we have no evidence beyond what may be collected from the piece itself, in certain real or supposed dissimilarities of composition.

When Danter entered the "noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus" in 1593, he coupled with it "the ballad thereof," which probably is the same printed in Percy's "Reliques," vol. i. p. 241, edit. 1812. A play called "Andronicus" is mentioned by Ben Jonson in the Induction to his "Bartholomew Fair," (played first in 1614,) as a piece of twenty-five or thirty years standing. This may have been Shakespeare's tragedy, that acted by Henslowe's company, or a drama which had served as a foundation of both. The oldest notice of "Titus Andronicus" (excepting that by Meres) is contained in a tract called "Father Hubbard's Tales, or The Ant and the Nightingale," 4to. 1604, imputed to Thomas Middleton, where (Sign. E. 3) the author speaks of the "lamentable action of one arm, like old Titus Andronicus." The loss of his hand by the hero would no doubt form an incident in every drama written upon the subject.

[2] See "The Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," published by the Shakespeare Society, p. 22. The theatre the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's players jointly occupied, was that at Newington Butts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Ron
and afterwards declared Emperor.
BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love w
Lavinia.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, Gene
against the Goths.
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the Peopl
and Brother to Titus.
LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS, } Sons to Titus Andronicus.
Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.
PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus the Tribune.
ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.
ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON, } Sons to Tamora.
AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.
LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Sc
diers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; and the Country near it.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. Before the Capitol.

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Capitol. Enter, below, SATURNINUS *and his Followers, on one side; and* BASSIANUS *and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am the first-born son, of him the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then, let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, conscience,[1] and nobility,
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,

[1] f. e: continence.

For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited[1] home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength:
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts.

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy[2]
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of* BASSIANUS.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and my cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of* SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the brazen gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[SAT. *and* BAS. *go into the Capitol; and exeunt with Senators,* MARCUS, *&c.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans! make way! The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour, and with fortune, is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, &c. Enter MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS: *after them, two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black; then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, *and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People, following. The Bearers set down the Coffin.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo! as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*The Tomb is opened.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy[1] prison of their bones;
That so their shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son;
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O! think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is marked; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are dust.[2]

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge

[1] earthly: in folio. [2] gone: in f. e.

pon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
ay favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen)
o quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their Swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
ur Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
nd entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
emaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
nd with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded; and the Coffins laid in the tomb.*

n peace and honour rest you here, my sons; [*Kneeling.*[1]
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
ecure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
n peace and honour rest you here, my sons! [*Rising.*[2]

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame.
o! at this tomb my tributary tears
render, for my brethren's obsequies;
nd at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
hed on the earth for thy return to Rome:
! bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
he cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
avinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
nd fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
racious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,

[1] [2] *Not* in f. e.

That in your country's service drew your swords;
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose[1] with acclamations[2] to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroach[3] new business for you all?—
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince: I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

[1] chosen: in f. e. [2] proclamations: in f. e. [3] abroad: in f. e.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes, here
ask your voices, and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—"Long live our emperor!"
Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor,
And say,—"Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"
[*A long Flourish. Shouts.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?
Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.
Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
[*To* TAMORA.

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.
Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue [
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
[*To her.*] Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy counten
Though chance of war hath wrought this chan
cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.-
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and dru
Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is n
[*Seizing* LA
Tit. How, sir! Are you in earnest, then, my
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.
[*The Emperor courts* TAMORA *in dumb*
Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius li
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's g
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.
Sat. Surpris'd! By whom?
Bas. By him that justly
Bear his bethroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt* MARCUS *and* BASSIANUS, *with* LA
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MA
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain
Barr'st me my way in Rome? [TITUS *kills* M
Mut. Help, Lucius, he
Re-enter LUCIUS.
Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than

[1] Not in f. e.

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, nor any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale[1],
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.
Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,

[1] *A stalking horse.*

[illegible] shall we [illegible]

[illegible] Saturnine [illegible]

[illegible] her [illegible]

Tit. I am not bid to wait [illegible]

Titus, when wert thou wont [illegible]

Dishonour'd thus, and chalen[illegible]

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Qu[illegible]

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see wh[illegible]

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous [illegible]

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no [illegible]

Nor thou, nor these, confederates [illegible]

That hath dishonour'd all our fam[illegible]

Unworthy brother, and unworthy s[illegible]

Luc. But let us give him burial [illegible]

Give Mutius burial with our brethr[illegible]

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests [illegible]

This monument five hundred years [illegible]

Which I have sumptuously re-edifi[illegible]

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's [illegible]

Repose in fame; none basely slain [illegible]

Bury him where you can, he comes [illegible]

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in [illegible]

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plea[illegible]

He must be buried with his breth[illegible]

Quin. Mart. And shall, or him [illegible]

Tit. And shall! What villain wa[illegible]

Quin. He that would vouch 't in [illegible]

Tit. What! would you bury him [illegible]

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entr[illegible]

To pardon Mutius, and to bury hi[illegible]

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast str[illegible]

And, with these boys, mine honour [illegible]

My foes I do repute you every one [illegible]

So, trouble me no more, but get you [illegible]

Mar. He is not himself: let us [illegible]

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones [illegible]

[Marcus *and the* [illegible]

Mar. Brother, for in that [illegible]

Quin. Father, and in that [illegible]

[illegible] speak thou no more. [illegible]

[illegible] Titus [illegible]

[illegible]

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise.—
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[MUTIUS *is put into the Tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!
All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary[1] dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.
Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.[2]
Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, *attended;* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON: *at the other side.* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and others.*
Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize?
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.
Bas. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while, I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'T is good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.

[1] folio: sullen; a *dump* was originally a strain of music, or a poem. [2] This line is not in the quartos.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life:
Only thus much I give your grace to know.
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord: the gods of Rome forefend,
I should be author to dishonour you!
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last; [*Aside to* SAT.
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 't is to let a queen

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
[*Aloud.*
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty, and her. my lord.
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.
Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia.—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness.
That what we did was mildly, as we might, [*They kneel.*[1]]
Tendering our sister's honour, and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not: trouble us no more.—
Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends.
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace:
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.
Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
[*They stand up.*[2]]
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace *bonjour*.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.
[*Trumpets.* *Exeunt.*

[1] [2] Not in f. e.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress;
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than was Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving*.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wan edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs![1] these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy; grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*

Aar. Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame! put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet[2] upon a prince's right?
What! is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome

[1] The usual London cry, in time of tumult. [2] *Strut.* In folio: set.

How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;[1]
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy 't is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,[2] we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [*Aside.*

Dem. Then, why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?[3]

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame! be friends, and join for that you jar.
'T is policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must, perforce, accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

[1] A similar couplet is found in Henry VI., Pt. I., A. v., Sc. iii.
[2] *Slice.* [3] This line is not in the folio.

Ay lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and[1] ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadless,[2] deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Forest near Rome. Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,[3]
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are wide.[4]
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and sing[5] a hunter's round,[6]
That all the court may echo with the sound.[7]
Sons, let it be your charge, and so will I,[8]
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day brought comfort and delight.[9]

[*Horns wind:*[10] *they sing* "*The hunt is up.*"

[1] of: in quarto, 1611, and in folio. [2] dreadful: in f. e. [3] grey: in f. e. [4] green: in f. e. [5] ring: in f. e. [6] peal: in f. e. [7] noise: in f. e. [8] as it is ours: in f. e. [9] new comfort hath inspired: in f. e. [10] The rest of this stage direction is not in f. e.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good.—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad[1] awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then: horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. [*To* TAMORA.

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory's top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A desert Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, *with a Bag of Gold.*

Aar. He, that had wit, would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
[*Hides the Gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies coiled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,

[1] Not in folio.

double hunt were heard at once,
it down, and mark their yelling noise:
'ter conflict, such as was suppos'd
ndering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
ith a happy storm they were surpris'd,
tain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
, each wreathed in the other's arms,
imes done, possess a golden slumber;
ounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
us, as is a nurse's song
by to bring her babe asleep.
Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
s dominator over mine.
gnifies my deadly-standing eye,
ice, and my cloudy melancholy?
e of woolly hair that now uncurls,
an adder, when she doth unrol
me fatal execution?
am, these are no venereal signs:
ice is in my heart, death in my hand,
d revenge are hammering in my head.
amora, the empress of my soul,
ever hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
he day of doom for Bassianus;
omel must lose her tongue to-day:
s make pillage of her chastity,
sh their hands in Bassianus' blood.
ou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
e the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
estion me no more; we are espied:
nes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
treads not yet their lives' destruction.
Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
No more, great empress. Bassianus comes:
with him; and I 'll go fetch thy sons
thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
sh'd of her[1] well-beseeming troop?
Dian, habited like her;
th abandoned her holy groves,
he general hunting in this forest?
Saucy controller of my private steps!

[1] So the quarto, 1600; other old copies: our.

Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should dine[1] upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'T is thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'T is pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness!—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-coloured love:
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Dem. How, now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven,
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,[2]

[1] drive: in f. e. [2] *Hedge-hogs;* also, *evil spirits.*

ıld make such fearful and confused cries,
ıny mortal barely hearing it,
ıld straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
sooner had they told this hellish tale,
straight they told me, they would bind me here
o the body of a dismal yew,
l leave me to this miserable death:
l then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
civious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
ıt ever ear did hear to such effect;
l, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
s vengeance on me had they executed.
'enge it, as you love your mother's life,
be ye not henceforth call'd my children.
)em. This is a witness that I am thy son.
[*Stabs* BASSIANUS.
'hi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*
ıav. Ay, come, Semiramis!—nay, barbarous Tamora;
no name fits thy nature but thy own.
'am. Give me thy poniard: you shall know, my boys,
ır mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
)em. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her:
t, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.
s minion stood upon her chastity,
n her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
l with that painted shape she braves your might:
l shall she carry this unto her grave?
'hi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
g hence her husband to some secret hole,
l make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
'am. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
not this wasp outlive us both to sting.
'hi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—
ıe, mistress, now perforce, we will enjoy
t nice preserved honesty of yours.
ıav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—
'am. I will not hear her speak: away with her!
ıav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
)em. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
see her tears; but be your heart to them,
unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
ıav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?

O! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at her teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [*To* CHIRON.

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?

Lav. 'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, O, could I find it now!
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely claws[1] par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means. Away with her!

Lav. O! let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate. Open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore, away, and use her as you will:
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O Tamora! be call'd a gentle queen, [*Kneeling.*[2]
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long:
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died. [go.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond[3] woman, let me

Lav. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.
O! keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature, [*Rising.*[4]
The blot and enemy to our general name!

[1] paws: in f. e. [2] Not in f. e. [3] *Foolish.* [4] Not in f. e.

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then, I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband: [*Dragging off* LAVINIA.

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to see my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the lonesome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you: wer 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[MARTIUS *falls into the Pit.*

Quin. What! art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. [*Under the stage.*[1]] O, brother! with the dismall'st object hurt,
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here;
That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.
[*Exit* AARON.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints:
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

[1] Not in f. e.

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.
O! tell me how[1] it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more: I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.—
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS *and* AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately did descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
Sat. My brother dead! I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

[1] who: in quarto, 1600.

Enter TAMORA, *with Attendants;* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord, the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. Then, all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a Letter.*
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
Sat. [*Reads.*] "An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is, we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*
Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*To* TITUS] fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What! are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered.
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—
Sat. If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will
To anwer this suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, their guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus. I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 't was cut out thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so;
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.
Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.[1]
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Wind Horns. Enter MARCUS, *from hunting.*

Mar. Who 's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word: where is your husband?—
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches; those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness,
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy roseate lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee,

[1] scowl: in folio.

And, lest thou shouldst detect him,[1] cut thy tongue.
Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three[2] issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red, as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?
O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind;
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee:
A craftier Tereus, cousin,[3] hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life;
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy,[4]
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come; let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

[1] them: in old copies. Rowe made the change. [2] their: in old copies; Hanmer's correction. [3] Not in folio; which adds "withal" to the end of the line. [4] These two words are not in f. e.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, passing on to the Place of Execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed:
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep anguish in my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.*
O earth! I will befriend thee with more rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns[1],
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.
Enter LUCIUS, *with his Sword drawn.*
O, reverend tribunes! gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.
Luc. O, noble father! you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Tit. Ah, Lucius! for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man: if they did hear,

[1] ruins: in old copies. Hanmer made the change.

y would not mark me; or if they did mark,
y would not pity me, yet plead I must,
bootless unto them.[1]
refore, I tell my sorrows to the stones;
), though they cannot answer my distress,
in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
that they will not intercept my tale. [*Rising.*
n I do weep, they humbly at my feet
ive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
were they but attired in grave weeds,
e could afford no tribune like to these.
one is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
one is silent, and offendeth not,
tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
ic. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
everlasting doom of banishment.
t. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
rs must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
ı these devourers to be banished?
who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

ar. Titus, prepare thy aged[2] eyes to weep;
f not so, thy noble heart to break:
ng consuming sorrow to thine age.
t. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.
ar. This was thy daughter.
t. Why, Marcus, so she is.
ic. Ah me! this object kills me.
t. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
k, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
ı made thee handless in thy father's sight?
t fool hath added water to the sea,
rought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—

[1] the quarto, 1600; the folio:
Oh! if they did hear,
They would not pity me.
[2] e: in quarto, 1611, and folio.

Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
And they have nurs'd this woe in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O! that delightful engine of her thoughts,[1]
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Rich varied notes, enchanting old and young.

Luc. O! say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O! thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy living body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

[1] This phrase is also found in Venus and Adonis.

Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her
usband;
:e, because she knows them innocent.
: they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
hey would not do so foul a deed;
the sorrow that their sister makes.—
avinia, let me kiss thy lips,
some sign how I may do thee ease.
· good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
ı, and I, sit round about some fountain,
all downwards, to behold our cheeks
y are stain'd, as[1] meadows yet not dry,
ry slime left on them by a flood?
he fountain shall we gaze so long,
fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
le a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
we cut away our hands, like thine?
we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
remainder of our hateful days?
all we do? let us, that have our tongues,
e device of farther misery,
us wonder'd at in time to come.
weet father, cease your tears; for at your grief,
my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine
res.
h, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
kin cannot drink a tear of mine,
, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy cheeks.
Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs.
a tongue to speak, now would she say
ıer brother which I said to thee:
in, with his true tears all bewet,
ıo service on her sorrowful cheeks.
a sympathy of woe is this;
om help as limbo is from bliss.

Enter AARON.

Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
:e this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
:us, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
ne of you, chop off your hand,

[1] like: in f. e.

And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send my hand to him.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?[1]
O! none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then, have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use it. [*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest, [*Aside.*
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*He cuts off* TITUS'S *Hand with his Sword.*

Re-enter LUCIUS *with an Axe,*[2] *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife: what shall be, is despatch'd.—

[1] Fr. *casquetel*, a close helmet. [2] the words, "*with an Axe,*" are not in f. e.

ood Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
ell him, it was a hand that warded him
rom thousand dangers. Bid him bury it:
lore hath it merited; that let it have.
s for my sons, say, I account of them
s jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
nd yet dear too, because I bought mine own.
Aar. I go, Andronicus; and for thy hand,
ook by and by to have thy sons with thee.—
Aside.] Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy
oth fat me with the very thought of it!
et fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
aron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*
Tit. O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
nd bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
any power pities wretched tears,
o that I call.—What! wilt thou kneel with me?
[*To* LAVINIA.
o then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers,
with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
nd stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
hen they do hug him in their melting bosoms.
Mar. O! brother, speak with possibilities,
nd do not break into these deep extremes.
Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
en, be my passions bottomless with them.
Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
en into limits could I bind my woes.
hen heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
reat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
nd wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
m the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
e is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
en, must my sea be moved with her sighs;
en, must my earth with her continual tears
come a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd.
r why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
t like a drunkard must I vomit them.
en, give me leave, for losers will have leave
ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.
Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.
Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd,
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

Mar. Now, let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some de
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a w
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[LAVINIA *kisse*

Mar. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortles
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an e

Mar. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I control my griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sigl
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,

ır unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
is made.—Come, brother, take one head;
ıis hand the other will I bear:
thou shalt be employed in these things[1];
ı my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
ee, boy, go, get thee from my sight:
an exile, and thou must not stay.
ɜ Goths, and raise an army there;
ou love me, as I think 't is true,[2]
s and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.
'arewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
ful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.
, proud Rome: till Lucius come again,
s[3] his pledges dearer than his life.
, Lavinia, my noble sister;
thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
ıdivion, and hateful griefs.
. live, he will requite your wrongs,
e proud Saturnine, and his empress,
.e gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
l I to the Goths, and raise a power,
veng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

II.[4]—A Room in TITUS's House. A Banquet set out.

TUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, *and young* LUCIUS, *a Boy.*

ɔ, so, now sit: and look, you eat no more
ll preserve just so much strength in us
revenge these bitter woes of ours.
unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
e and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
not passionate our tenfold grief
led arms. This poor right hand of mine
tyrannize upon my breast;
en my heart, all mad with misery,
this hollow prison of my flesh,
us I thump it down.—

in quartos. A misprint, says Dyce, for *aims.* [2] I think
f. e. [3] loves: in old copies. Rowe made the change.
e is only in the folio. [4] Who: in folio. Rowe's correc-

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
[*To* LAVINIA.
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still, that we have none.
Fie, fie! how franticly I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands.—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.—
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[MARCUS *strikes the Dish with a Knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

At that that I have kill'd, my lord—a fly.
Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
res are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
of death, done on the innocent,
s not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
iou art not for my company.
Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
ould he hang his slender gilded wings,
z lamenting doings in the air?
rmless fly!
ith his pretty buzzing melody,
ere to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.
Pardon me, sir: it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
the empress' Moor; therefore, I kill'd him.
O, O, O!
ardon me for reprehending thee,
u hast done a charitable deed.
e thy knife, I will insult on him;
ng myself, as if it were the Moor
ither purposely to poison me.—
for thyself, and that 's for Tamora. Ah, sirrah!—
iink we are not brought so low,
t between us we can kill a fly,
mes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
s false shadows for true substances.
Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
thy closet; and go read with thee
ries chanced in the times of old.—
boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
ou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

NE I.—The Same. Before TITUS's House.

TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter young* LUCIUS, LAVINIA *running after him.*

Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
s me every where, I know not why.—
ncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—

Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine aun
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.
Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mea
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit, or frenzy do possess her;
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Causeless, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt;
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
[LAVINIA *turns over the books which* LUCIUS *h*
let fall.
Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this
Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
What book?[1]
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than o
Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them to revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's Metamorphosis:
My mother gave 't me.

[1] Not in the quartos.

Mar. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, see! note, how she quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.
Mar. O! why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Mar. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, where I have writ my name
[*He writes his Name with his Staff, and guides it with Feet and Mouth.*
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be the heart, that forc'd us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!
[*She takes the Staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*
Tit. O! do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.
Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit. *Magni dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Mar. O! calm thee, gentle lord, although, I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel,
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope,
[*They knee*
And swear with me,—as with the woful feere,[2]
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
[*They ris*
Tit. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how to do it;
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back;
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You 're a young huntsman: Marcus, let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you
Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Mar. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee: and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsi
Tit. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach another course.
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Companion.* [3] Not in f. e.

Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court:
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and Boy.*

Mar. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstacy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *at one Door; at another door, young* LUCIUS, *and an Attendant, with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What 's the news?

Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,[1]
For villains mark'd with rape. [*To them.*] May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*Aside.*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What 's here? A scroll, and written round about.
Let 's see;
Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O! 'T is a verse in Horace. I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

[1] This line is not in the folio.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.
[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them[1] weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick;
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate,
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.
Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.
Aar. Hath he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound.*
Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft! who comes here?
Enter a Nurse, hiding a Black-a-moor Child in her Arms.
Nur. Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did you see
Aaron the Moor.
Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore.
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep.
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O! that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.—
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?

[1] the: in quarto, 1611, and folio.

Nur. I mean she 's brought to bed.
Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she 's the devil's dam: a joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad [*Showing it.*[1]
Amongst the fairest burdens[2] of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Zounds! ye whore, is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.[3]
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.
Aar. What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd[4] walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean

[1] Not in f. e. [2] breeders: in f. e. [3] Not in folio. [4] limb'd: in old copies. Steevens made the change.

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am a man [*To the Nurse.*[1]
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears.
Fie! treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer[2].
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit at a distance.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords: when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself:
And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:

[1] Not in f. e. [2] *Skin*, or *complexion*.

) may keep counsel, when the third 's away.
o the empress; tell her, this I said.—
[*Stabbing her: she screams.*
:e, weke!—so cries a pig, prepared to the spit.
em. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst
ar. O lord! sir, 't is a deed of policy. [thou this?
l she live to betray this guilt of ours,
ng-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
now be it known to you my full intent.
far hence Muli lives,[1] my countryman;
wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
child is like to her, fair as you are;
ack[2] with him, and give the mother gold,
tell them both the circumstance of all;
how by this their child shall be advanc'd
be received for the emperor's heir,
substituted in the place of mine,
alm this tempest whirling in the court,
let the emperor dandle him for his own.
t ye, lords; ye see, I have given her physic.
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
you must needs bestow her funeral:
fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
done, see that you make no long delays.[3]
send the midwife presently to me:
midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
ı, let the ladies tattle what they may.
ii. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
ı secrets.
em. For this care of Tamora,
elf and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* DEM. *and* CHI. *bearing off the Nurse.*
ar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
e to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
e on, thou thick-lipp'd slave; I 'll bear you hence,
it is you that puts us to our shifts:
make you thrive on berries and on roots,
feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
cabin in a cave; and bring you up
e a warrior, and command a camp.
[*Exit with the child.*

ot far, one Muliteus lives: in f. e. [2] *Contrive, agree.* [3] take
ıger days: in f. e.

SCENE III.—The Same. A public Place.

Enter TITUS, *bearing Arrows, with Letters on the end of them; with him* MARCUS, *young* LUCIUS, *and othe Gentlemen, with Bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is th way.—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery:
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch[1] her in the sea,
Yet there 's as little justice as at land.—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'T is you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O, Publius! is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! Wh
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you wo

[1] find: in quartos, 1611, and folio.

ɔu will have revenge from hell, you shall.
ry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
hinks with Jove in Heaven, or somewhere else,
nat perforce you must needs stay a time.
it. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
dive into the burning lake below,
pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
cus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
ɔig-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,
metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:
, sith no justice is in earth nor hell,
will solicit heaven, and move the gods
ɔend down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
ıe, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.
[*He gives them the Arrows.*
Iovem, that 's for you:—here, *ad Apollinem:*—
Martem, that 's for myself:—
ɔ, boy, to Pallas:—here, to Mercury:
Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
were as good to shoot against the wind.—
t, boy: Marcus, loose when I bid.
ny word, I have written to effect;
re 's not a god left unsolicited.
'ar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
will afflict the emperor in his pride.
it. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said[1]
Lucius!
l boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.
'ar. My lord, I aim'd a mile beyond the moon:
: letter is with Jupiter by this.
it. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.
'ar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
; down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
who should find them but the empress' villain.
laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose
give them to his master for a present.
it. Why, there it goes; God give his[2] lordship joy.
nter the Clown, with a Basket and Two Pigeons.
's! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
th, what tidings? have you any letters?

[1] *Well done.* [2] your: in quarto, 1611, and folio

[illegible]

Tit. [illegible] 'the goldsmith' he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till next week.

Tit. But what says Titinius to this?

Tit. [illegible] I know his daughter. I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. [illegible] to my man the emperor?

Clo. [illegible] of my pigeons, sir, [illegible].

Tit. [illegible] from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? [illegible] I never came there, but I think it is [illegible] to grace to heaven in my young days. [illegible] I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plain, to [illegible] a petition to draw between my uncle and one of the emperor's men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as tall fetch to serve for your turn. [illegible] let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold: mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot: then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir: I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *Lords and others :* SATURNINUS *with the arrows in his hand, that had been shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus: and, for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, the mightful gods no less,[1]
(However these disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war;
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this but libelling against the state,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstacies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,
He 'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives. [*Takes his seat.*[2]

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. [*Aside.*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
The life-blood on 't. If Aaron now be wise,

[1] as do the mightful gods: in f. e. [2] Not in f. e.

Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—
Enter Clown.
How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?
Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistresship be imperial.
Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.
Clo. 'T is he.—God, and Saint Stephen,
Give you good even.
I have brought you a letter,
And a couple of pigeons, for want of better.
SATURNINUS *reads the Letter.*
Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
Clo. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come, sirrah; you must be hang'd.
Clo. Hang'd! By 'r lady, then, friend,
I have brought my neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*
Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds.
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair:
Nor age, nor honour, shall have privilege.—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.
Enter ÆMILIUS.
What news with thee, Æmilius?
Æmil. Arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.
Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.
'T is he the common people love so much:
Myself hath very often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in 's flame?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.
Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before; be our embassador: [*To* ÆMILIUS.
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit* ÆMILIUS.
Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go successfully, and plead 'fore him.
Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, *and an Army of Goths, with Drum and Colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, *with his Child in his Arms.*

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:—
"Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,

ırpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
ɔ use as you think needful of the man.
Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,
ıat robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
ıis is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,
ıd here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.—
y, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey
is growing image of thy fiend-like face?
ıy dost not speak? What! deaf? no, not a word?
ıalter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
d by his side his fruit of bastardy.
Mar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.
Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
st, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
ight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.[1] [*A Ladder brought.*
Mar. Lucius, save the child;
I bear it from me to the empress.
hou do this, I 'll show thee wond'rous things,
ıt highly may advantage thee to hear:
hou wilt not, befall what may befall,
speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on; and if it please me which thou speak'st,
child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
Mar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
[*Speaking on the Ladder.*[2]
vill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
s of black night, abominable deeds,
nplots of mischief, treason, villainies
hful to hear, dispiteously[3] perform'd:
l this shall all be buried in my death,
ess thou swear to me, my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall live.
Mar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Whom should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:
ıt granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Mar. What if I do not, as, indeed, I do no not;
, for I know thou art religious,
l hast a thing within thee, called conscience,
h twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
ich I have seen thee careful to observe,

n old copies this line is given to AARON. Theobald made the ge. [2] Not in f. e. [3] yet piteously: in f. e.

Therefore I urge thy oath —for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I'll urge him.—Therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.
Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.
Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.
Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!
Aar. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
Cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.
Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 't was
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold, within the letter mentioned.
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle ofttimes break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging, presently.
Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!
Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius! what's the news from Rome?
Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
1 *Goth.* What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. Before TITUS's House.

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *disguised*[1] *as Revenge, Rapine, and Murder.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.—
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*They knock.*

TITUS *opens his study door above.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down,
[*Showing a Paper.*[2]
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Old[3] Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No; not a word. How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora:
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

[1] The rest of this stage direction is not in f. e. [2] [3] Not in f. e.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo! by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stand;
Now, give some 'surance that thou art Revenge:
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide two proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers[1] in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord! how like the empress' sons they are;
And you, the empress: but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit* TITUS *above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son,

[1] murder: in old copies. Steevens made the change.

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See! here he comes, and I must ply[1] my theme.

Enter TITUS, *below*.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house.—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too.—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him: he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor:
Well may'st thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee.
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us: this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house,
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,

[1] play: in folio.

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'t is sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him, the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys? will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him, till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit.*

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, *and others.*

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons
I take them; Chiron, and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it: therefore, bind them sure,
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.[1]

[*Exit* TITUS.—PUBLIUS, *&c. seize* CHIRON, *an*
DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commande
Caius. Stop close their mouths; let them not spea
a word.

Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with* LAVINIA; *she bearing a Bason, and he a Knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.-
Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains! Chiron and Demetrius,
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mu
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dea
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin[2] I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own[3] increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

[1] This line is not in the folio. [2] The *crust* of a pie, was oft called a coffin. [3] Not in folio.

For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia come,

[*He cuts their Throats,*[1] *and she catches the Blood.*

Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it:
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.—
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[*Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and Goths; with* AARON, *Prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 *Goth.* And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil.
Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings.
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths with* AARON. *Trumpets sound.*

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e.

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places
Sat. Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table*
Enter TITUS, *dressed like a Cook*, LAVINIA, *veiled*
young LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishe*
on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, drea
queen:
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; and welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness, and your empress.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you wer
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her sham
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
[*He kills* LAVIN
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow flee.
Sat. What hast thou done? unnatural and unkin
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blir
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.[1]
Sat. What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the dee
Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your hig
ness feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thu
Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron, and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

[1] This line is not in the folio.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point.
[*Killing* TAMORA.
Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.
[*Killing* TITUS.
Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.
[*Killing* SATURNINUS. *A great Tumult. The People in confusion disperse.* MARCUS, LUCIUS, *and their Partisans, ascend the Steps before* TITUS's *House.*
Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O! let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.[1]
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she, who mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even i' the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

[1] The rest of this speech is usually given to a *Roman lord*.

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:
And I am the[1] turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O! pardon me;
For when no friends are by men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child;
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And, as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak! and, if you say, we shall,
Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,

[1] Not in the folio.

he common voice doth cry, it shall be so.
Mar. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal emperor.—
LUCIUS, *&c. descend.*
, go into old Titus' sorrowful house, [*To an Attendant.*
d hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
be adjudg'd some direful lingering death,
punishment for his most wicked life.—
cius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor.
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
t, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
r nature puts me to a heavy style,—
and all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
shed obsequious tears upon this bier.—
take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses* TITUS.
ese sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
e last true duties of thy noble son!
Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
y brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
were the sum of these that I should pay
untless and infinite, yet would I pay them.
Luc. Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn of us
melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
ny a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
g thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
ny a matter hath he told to thee,
et and agreeing with thine infancy:
hat respect, then, like a loving child,
d yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
ause kind nature doth require it so:
ends should associate friends in grief and woe.
him farewell; commit him to the grave;
him that kindness, all that he can have.[1]
Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
uld I were dead, so you did live again.—
ord! I cannot speak to him for weeping;
tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.
Enter Attendants, with AARON.
Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
re sentence on this execrable wretch,
at hath been breeder of these dire events.
Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;

[1] and take leave of him: in f. e.

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves, or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O! why should wrath be mute, and fury du
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor h
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall wring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Ex*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants. London, Printed by Iohn Danter. 1597. 4to. 39 leaves.

The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Iuliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at his shop neare the Exchange. 1599. 4to. 46 leaves.

The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath beene sundrie times publiquely Acted, by the Kings Maiesties Seruants at the Globe. Newly corrected, augmented and amended: London Printed for Iohn Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, in Fleetestreete vnder the Dyall. 1609. 4to. 46 leaves.

In the folio of 1623 "The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet" occupies twenty-five pages, viz. from p. 53 to p. 79, inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It fills the same space in the folios of 1632, 1664, and 1685.

INTRODUCTION.

It is certain that there was an English play upon the story of Romeo and Juliet before the year 1562; and the fact establishes that, even at that early date, our dramatists resorted to Italian novels, or translations of them, for the subjects of their productions. It is the most ancient piece of evidence of the kind yet discovered, and it is given by Arthur Brooke, who in that year published a narrative poem, called "The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet." At the close of his address "to the Reader" he observes:—"Though I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can look for (being there much better set forth, than I have, or can do), yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve the like good effect." (Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage, vol. ii. p. 416.] Thus we see also, that the play had been received "with commendation," and that Brooke himself, unquestionably a competent judge, admits its excellence.

We can scarcely suppose that no other drama would be founded upon the same interesting incidents between 1562 and the date when Shakespeare wrote his tragedy, a period of, probably, more than thirty years; but no hint of the kind is given in any record, and certainly no such work, either manuscript or printed, has come down to us. Of the extreme popularity of the story we have abundant proof, and of a remote date. It was included by William Paynter in the "second tome" of his "Palace of Pleasure," the dedication of which he dates 4th Nov. 1567; and in old writers we find frequent mention of the hero and heroine. Thomas Dalapeend gives the following brief "argument" in his "Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis," 1565:—"A noble mayden of the cytye of Verona, in Italye, whyche loved Romeus, eldest sonne of the Lorde Montesche, and beinge pryvelye maryed togyther, he at last poysoned hym selfe for love of her: she, for sorowe of his deathe, slewe her selfe in the same tombe with hys dagger." B. Rich, in his "Dialogue betwene Mercury and a Souldier," 1574, says that "the pittifull history of Romeus and Julietta," was so well known as to be represented on tapestry. It is again alluded to in "The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions," 1578; and in "A Poore Knight his Palace of Private Pleasure," 1579. Austin Saker's "Narbonus," 1580, contains the subsequent passage:—"Had Romeus bewrayed his mariage at the first, and manifested the intent of his meaning, he had done very wisely, and gotten license for the lives of two faithful friends." After this date

the mention of the story becomes even more frequent, and sometimes more particular; and our inference is, that it owed part of its popularity, not merely to printed narratives in prose or verse, nor to the play spoken of by Brooke in 1562, but to subsequent dramatic representations, perhaps, more or less founded upon that early drama.

How far Shakespeare might be indebted to any such production we have no means of deciding; but Malone, Steevens, and others have gone upon the supposition, that Shakespeare was only under obligations either to Brooke's poem, or to Paynter's novel; and least of all do they seem to have contemplated the possibility, that he might have obtained assistance from some foreign source.

Arthur Brooke avowed that he derived his materials from Bandello (Part ii. Nov. 9), *La sfortunata morte di due infelicissimi Amanti*, &c.; and Paynter very literally translated Boisteau's *Histoire de deux Amans, &c.*, in the collection of *Histoires Tragiques*, published by Belle-forest. Both Brooke's poem and Paynter's prose version have recently been reprinted in a work called "Shakespeare's Library," where the antiquity of the story is considered. Steevens was disposed to think that our great dramatist had obtained more from Paynter than from Brooke, while Malone supported, and we think, established, a contrary opinion. He examined a number of minute points of resemblance; but, surely, no doubt can be entertained by those who only compare the following short passage from a speech of Friar Laurence with three lines from Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet."

> "Art thou a man? Thy form cries out thou art;
> Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
> The unreasonable fury of a beast."—(Act iii. sc. 3.)

This, as will be seen from what is subjoined, is almost verbally from Brooke's poem:—

> "Art thou," quoth he, "a man? thy shape saith so thou art;
> Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart * *
> If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast."
> (Sakesp. Lib. part vii. p. 43.)

Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" originally came out, but in an imperfect manner, in 1597, quarto. This edition is in two different types, and was probably executed in haste by two different printers. It has generally been treated as an authorized impression from an authentic manuscript. Such, after the most careful examination, is not our opinion. We think that the manuscript used by the printer or printers (no bookseller's or stationer's name is placed at the bottom of the title-page) was made up, partly from portions of the play as it was acted, but unduly obtained, and partly from notes taken at the theatre during representation. Our principal ground for this notion is, that there is such great inequality in different scenes and speeches, and in some places precisely that degree and kind of imperfectness, which would belong to manuscript prepared from defective short-hand notes. As Steevens printed the first and the third edition of "Romeo and Juliet" in his "Twenty Quartos," a comparison, to test

the truth of our remark, may be readily made. We do not of course go the length of contending that Shakespeare did not alter and improve the play, subsequent to its earliest production on the stage, but merely that the quarto, 1597, does not contain the tragedy as it was originally represented. The second edition was printed in 1599, and it professes to have been "newly corrected, augmented, and amended:" the third dated edition appeared in 1609; but some copies without a date are known, which most likely were posterior to 1609, but anterior to the appearance of the folio in 1623. The quarto, 1637, is of no authority.

The quarto, 1609, was printed from the edition which came out ten years earlier; and the repetition, in the folio of 1623, of some decided errors of the press, shows that it was a reprint of the quarto, 1609. It is remarkable, that although every early quarto impression contains a Prologue, it was not transferred to the folio. The quarto, 1597, has lines not in the quartos, 1599, 1609, nor in the folio: and the folio, reprinting the quarto, 1609, besides ordinary errors, makes several important omissions. Our text is that of the quarto, 1599, compared, of course, with the quarto, 1609, and with the folio of 1623, and in some places importantly assisted by the quarto of 1597. Of the value of this assistance, as regards particular words, we will only give a single instance, out of many, from Act iii. sc. 1, where Benvolio, in reference to the conflict between Mercutio and Tybalt, says of Romeo,

"His *agile* arm beats down their fatal points."

The quartos, 1599 and 1609, and the folio of 1623, absurdly read "*aged* arm;" and the editor of the folio of 1632 substituted "*able* arm:" the true word, for which no substitute equally good could be found, is only in the quarto, 1597.

It will be observed that on the title-page of the quarto, 1597, it is stated that "Romeo and Juliet" was acted by the players of Lord Hunsdon; and hence Malone argued that it must have been first performed and printed between July, 1596, and April, 1597. The company to which Shakespeare was attached called themselves "the servants of the Lord Chamberlain." Henry Lord Hunsdon died Lord Chamberlain on 22nd July, 1596, and his son George succeeded to the title, but not to the office, which, in August, was conferred upon Lord Cobham. Lord Cobham filled it until his death in March subsequent to his appointment, very soon after which event George Lord Hunsdon was made Lord Chamberlain. It seems that the theatrical servants of Henry Lord Hunsdon, Lord Chamberlain, did not, on his decease, transfer their services to his successor in office, Lord Cobham, but to his successor in title, George Lord Hunsdon, and called themselves the servants of that nobleman in the interval between the death of his father on 22nd July, 1596, and 17th April, 1597, when he himself became Lord Chamberlain. Malone concludes that in this interval, while those players who had been the servants of the Lord Chamberlain called themselves the servants of Lord Hunsdon, "Romeo and

Juliet" was first performed and printed; and that, in co quence, the title-page of the first edition states, that it been played by "the L. of Hunsdon his servants."

The answer that may be made to this argument is, though the tragedy was printed in 1597, as it had been s by Lord Hunsdon's servants, it does not follow that it m not have been played some years before by the same ac when calling themselves the Lord Chamberlain's serv This is true; and it is not to be disputed that there is an sion in one of the speeches of the Nurse (Act i. sc. 3) t earthquake which, she states, had occurred eleven y before:—

> ——————"But as I said,
> On Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen;
> That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
> 'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
> And she was wean'd."

It has been supposed that this passage refers to the ea quake of 1580, and, consequently, that the play was wr in 1591. However, those who read the whole speech of Nurse cannot fail to remark such discrepancies in it a render it impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion, if we suppose that Shakespeare intended a reference to a ticular earthquake in England. First, the Nurse tells us, Juliet was in a course of being weaned; then, that she c stand alone; and, thirdly, that she could run alone. It w have been rather extraordinary if she could not, for according to the Nurse's own calculation the child was nearly three years old. No fair inference can, therefor drawn from the expression, "'T is since the earthquake eleven years," and we coincide with Malone that the tra was probably written towards the close of 1596[1].

Another trifling circumstance may lead to the belief "Romeo and Juliet" was not written, at all events, until 1594. In Act ii. (not Act iii., as Malone states) there i allusion, in the words of Mercutio—"a gentleman of the first house—of *the first and second cause*,"—to a worl duelling, called "Vincentio Saviolo his Practise." That was first printed in 1594, and again in 1595, and the issu the second impression might call Shakespeare's attentic it just before he began "Romeo and Juliet." We already seen "Vincentio Saviolo his Practise" more par larly referred to in "As You Like It." We place

[1] The Registers of the Stationers' Company throw little light the question when "Romeo and Juliet" was first written. Aug. 1596, Edward White entered "A newe ballad of Romeo Juliett," which may possibly have been the tragedy, printed (wi a bookseller's name) in 1597, though called only a *ballad*. On 22 1606–7, "Romeo and Juliet" (together with "Love's Labour 's L and "The Taming of a Shrew") was entered to "Mr. Linge," consent of "Mr. Burby." On 19 Nov. 1607, John Smythick en "Hamlet," "The Taming of a Shrew," "Romeo and Juliet," "Love's Labour 's Lost," as having derived his property in them Linge.

ūpon the allusion in "Romeo and Juliet," because
st and second cause" are also mentioned in "Love's
s Lost," though the passage may, like some others,
n an insertion just prior to Christmas, 1598.
e hastily concluded from a reference in Marston's
hat Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was acted at
ain Theatre, in Shoreditch; but we can be by no
ire that Marston, by the terms "Curtain plaudities,"
nean applauses at any theatre, for all had "curtains,"
ave no trace that any other of our great dramatist's
s acted at the Curtain. The subject must have been
te with the public, and it is more than probable that
npanies had contemporaneous plays upon the same
See the Memoirs of Edward Alleyn, p. 19.) To some
med upon the same incidents, and represented at the
Theatre, Marston may have referred.
markable that in no edition of "Romeo and Juliet,"
nterior to the publication of the folio of 1623, do we
xespeare's name upon the title-page. Yet Meres, in
idis Tamia, had distinctly assigned it to him in 1598;
ough the name of the author might be purposely left
e imperfect copy of 1597, there would seem to be no
specially after the announcement by Meres, for not
it in the "corrected, augmented, and amended"
f 1599. But it is wanting even in the impression of
ough Shakespeare's popularity must then have been
ight. "King Lear," in 1608, had been somewhat
ously called "M. William Shake-speare, his, &c. Life
th of King Lear;" and his Sonnets, in 1609, were
nded to purchasers, as "Shake-speare's Sonnets,"
ally large characters on the title-page.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, } Heads of two hostile Houses.
CAPULET, }
Uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO, Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.
TYBALT, Nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, a Franciscan.
FRIAR JOHN, of the same Order.
BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, } Servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }
PETER, Another Servant to Capulet.
ABRAM, Servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Musicians.
CHORUS. Boy; Page to Paris; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, Wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, Wife to Capulet.
JULIET, Daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.
Citizens of Verona; male and female Relations of both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE, during the greater Part of the Play, Verona: once, in the fifth Act, at Mantua.

OMEO AND JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

CHORUS.

households, both alike in dignity,
fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
. ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
here civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
ı forth the fatal loins of these two foes
pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
se misadventur'd piteous overthrows
, with their death, bury their parents' strife.
fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
ıd the continuance of their parents' rage,
h, but their children's end, nought could remove,
now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
which if you with patient ears attend,
t here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A public Place.

SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with Swords and Bucklers.*

m. Gregory, on my word, we 'll not carry coals.[1]
e. No, for then we should be colliers.
m. I mean, an we be in choler, we 'll draw,
e. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the
r.
m. I strike quickly, being moved.
e. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

[1] This was regarded as a low, degrading office.

Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand;[1] therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'T is true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel[2] with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in[3] sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and, 't is known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'T is well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.[4] Draw thy tool; here come two[5] of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee.

Gre. How! turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.[6]

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say—ay?

[1] stand to it; therefore (of my word) if thou be mov'd, thou 'lt run away: in quarto, 1597. [2] civil: in f. e. [3] Only in quarto, 1597. [4] *Salted and dried fish.* [5] Only in the quarto, 1597. [6] "What jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels."—*Dekker's Dead Term*, 1608, quoted by Malone.

re. No.
m. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; I bite my thumb, sir.
re. Do you quarrel, sir?
br. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.
m. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good an as you.
br. No better.
m. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a Distance.*

re. Say—better: here comes one of my master's men.
m. Yes, better, sir.
br. You lie.
m. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy shing[1] blow. [*They fight.*
en. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know what you do. [*Beats down their swords with his.*

Enter TYBALT.

yb. What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds? [*Draws.*[2]
n thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.
en. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword, nanage it to part these men with me.
yb. What! drawn,[3] and talk of peace? I hate the word,
I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
e at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

er several persons of both Houses, who join the Fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs or Partisans.

Cit. Clubs, bills[4], and partisans! strike! beat them down!
n with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

nter CAPULET, *in his Gown; and Lady* CAPULET.

ap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!
a. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?
ap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, l flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE *and Lady* MONTAGUE.

ton. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

[1] *To swash*, is to make a noise with a sword against a buckler. t in f. e. [3] draw: in folio. [4] The weapon of the London itices; *bills*, were pikes with hooks attached below the points.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one[1] foot to seek a foe.

Enter the Prince, with his Train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel!—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,[2]
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls,[3] bred of an angry[4] word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.[5]
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace:[6]
For this time all the rest depart away.[7]
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther[8] pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men[9] depart.

[*Exeunt the Prince, and Attendants;* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, TYBALT, *Citizens, and Servants.*

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.[10]
I drew to part them: in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

[1] a: in folio. [2] This and the three preceding lines, are not in the quarto, 1597. [3] broils: in folio. [4] airy: in f. e. [5] This and the three preceding lines, are not in the quarto, 1597. [6] the ransom of your fault: in quarto, 1597. [7] every man depart in peace: in quarto 1597. [8] father's: in quarto, 1609, and folio. [9] each man: in quarto, 1597. [10] The rest of this speech is not in the quarto, 1597.

ı. *Mon.* O! where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
ıt glad I am he was not at this fray.
en. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
'd forth[1] the golden windows of the east,
oubled[2] mind drave me to walk abroad;
:re, underneath the grove of sycamore
t westward rooteth from the city's side,
arly walking did I see your son.
·ards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
stole into the covert of the wood:
easuring[3] his affections by my own,
ch then most sought where most might not be found,[4]
ıg one too many by my weary self,[5]
ıu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
h tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
ing to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
all so soon as the all-cheering sun
ıld in the farthest east begin to draw
shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
ıy from light steals home my heavy son,
private in his chamber pens himself;
ts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
makes himself an artificial night.
:k and portentous must this humour prove,
ess good counsel may the cause remove.
'en. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.
'en. Have you importun'd him by any means?[6]
Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends;
he, his own affections' counsellor,
ɔ himself—I will not say, how true—
to himself so secret and so close,
:ar from sounding and discovery,
is the bud bit with the envious worm,
he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
ledicate his beauty to the sun.[7]
ıld we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,

'eep'd through: in quarto, 1597. [2] thought drew me from com- ·: in quarto, 1597. [3] noting: in quarto, 1597. [4] That most are ɔd when they 're most alone: in quarto, 1597. [5] This line is not ıarto, 1597. [6] This and the next speech, are not in the quarto, . [7] same: in old copies. Theobald made the change.

We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a distance.*

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I 'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let 's away.

[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and Lady.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours[1] seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short.

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out.

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his[2] will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here 's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created[3]!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms![4]
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz; I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such, Benvolio, is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,

[1] hopes: in quarto, 1597. [2] laws give pathways to our: in quarto, 1597. [3] create: in quarto, 1597. [4] best-seeming things: in quarto, 1597. Other quartos, and first folio: well-seeing forms.

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke, made[1] with the fume of sighs;
Being puff'd,[2] a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along:
An if you leave me so,[3] you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut! I have lost myself; I am not here:
This is not Romeo; he 's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is 't that[4] you love.

Rom. What! shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan! why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will![5]
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near,[6] when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Rom. A right good mark-man!—and she 's fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit;
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives encharm'd.[7]
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,[8]
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O! she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when she dies with beauty dies her store.[9]

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; too wisely fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

[1] rais'd: in quarto, 1597. [2] purg'd: in f. e. [3] hinder me: in quarto, 1597. [4] whom she is you: in quarto, 1597. [5] So the quarto, 1597. Other old copies omit: bid. [6] right: in quarto, 1597. [7] unharmed: in f. e. 'Gainst Cupid's childish bow she lives uncharm'd: in quarto, 1597. [8] Not in quarto, 1597. [9] The rest of this, and first speech of next scene, not in quarto, 1597.

Ben. Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her.
Rom. O! teach me how I should forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'T is the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair:
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair;
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I 'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and Servant.*

Cap. But[1] Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both!
And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before.
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years:
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early married.[2]
Earth up[3] hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:[4]
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.[5]
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,

[1] Not in folio. [2] made: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e. [4] This and the preceding line, are not in the quarto, 1597. [5] This and previous line, are not in quarto, 1597.

One more most welcome makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house: hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which, on more view[1] of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
[*Giving a Paper.*
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets: but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-den, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good den.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book; but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

[1] Such amongst view: in quarto, 1597.

Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry. [*Going.*[1]
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*
"Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters; County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena."
A fair assembly; whither should they come?
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither? to supper?
Serv. To our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.
Serv. Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush[2] a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*
Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lovest,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in those[3] crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love[4] against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows[5] best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Not in f. e. [2] An expression often met with. [3] that: in old copies. [4] Dyce suggests: ladylove. [5] seems: in quartos, 1597–9.

SCENE III.—A Room in CAPULET's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET *and Nurse.*

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head at twelve year old,
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here:
What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again:
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet to my teen[1] be it spoken I have but four,
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen:
That shall she, marry: I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.

[1] *Sorrow.*

And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand alone[1]; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about,
For even the day before she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man[2]—took up the child:
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay."
To see, now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted,[3] and said—"Ay."

La. Cap.[4] Enough of this: I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—"Ay:"
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone,
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" it stinted, and said—"Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace! I have done.[5] God mark thee to his grace,
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,

[1] high lone: in quarto, 1597. [2] The rest of this, and half of the next line, not in quarto, 1597. [3] *Stopped.* [4] This and the next speech, not in the quarto, 1597. [5] Well, go thy ways: in quarto, 1597.

I was your mother, much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief:—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast:[1]
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married[2] lineament,
And see how one an other lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 't is much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess
By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart[3] mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] This and the following lines to JULIET's speech, are not in the quarto, 1597. [2] several: in quarto, 1609, and folio. [3] engage: in quarto, 1597.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-Bearers, and others,*[1] *preceded by a Drum.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,
Or shall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper[2];
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance:[3]
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch;[4] I am not for this ambling:
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover: borrow Cupid's wings,[5]
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so[6] bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Ben. And, to sink in it, should you burden love:
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:
[*Putting on a Mask.*
A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote[7] deformities?

[1] The rest of this direction is not in f. e. [2] Like a person set to scare crows. [3] This and the previous line, are only in the quarto, 1597. [4] "He is just like a torch-bearer to maskers; he wears good cloathes, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing."—*Decker's Westward Hoe*, 1607; quoted by Steevens. [5] This and the eleven lines following, are not in the quarto, 1597. [6] to: in folio. [7] *Observe.*

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes[1] with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on:
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! dun's[2] the mouse, the constable's own word.
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire[3]
Of this save-reverence[4] love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho!
Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain,[5] like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment hits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask,
But 't is no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,[6]
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over[7] men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:[8]
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:

[1] The ordinary covering for floors. [2] A phrase often met with; it may mean, "dumb as a mouse." [3] "Dun is in the mire," is a game which consists in seeing who can lift a heavy log of wood.—*Gifford.* [4] From *salvâ reverentiâ*, an old apologetic form of expression. [5] by night: in quarto, 1597. [6] burgomaster: in quarto, 1597. [7] Athwart: in quarto, 1597. [8] This and the two preceding lines, in the quarto, 1597, read:

The traces are the moonshine watery beams,
The collar's cricket's bones, the lash of films.

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pick'd from the lazy finger of a milkmaid.[1]
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.[2]
And in this state she gallops night by night[3]
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:[4]
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a counsellor's[5] nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,[6]
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,[7]
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted,[8] swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And makes[9] the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.[10]
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, is she—[11]

Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,

[1] maid: in f. e. [2] This and the two preceding lines, are not in the quarto, 1597. [3] up and down: in quarto, 1597. [4] This line is not in quarto, 1597 [5] courtier's: in f. e.; lawyer's lap: in quarto, 1597. [6] gallops o'er a soldier's nose: in quarto, 1597. [7] countermines: in quarto, 1597. [8] These three words, are not in quarto, 1597. [9] bakes: in f. e.; plaits: in quarto, 1597. [10] breeds: in quarto, 1597. [11] The whole speech, except the last four lines, is printed in all old eds., except the quarto, 1597, as prose.

And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,[1]
Turning his tide[2] to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels: and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breath,
By some vile forfeit of untimely[3] death:
But he, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail.[4]—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where 's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all[5] in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too; 't is a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,[6] look to the plate.—Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane[7]; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire.*

Enter[8] CAPULET, *&c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.*

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagued with corns, will have a bout[9] with you:—
Ah, ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I 'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?

[1] in haste: in quarto, 1597. [2] face: in f. e. [3] untimely forfeit of vile: in quarto, 1597. [4] So the quarto, 1597; other old copies: suit. [5] Not in folio. [6] *Side-board.* [7] A *cake*, similar to a macaroon. [8] The scene in quarto, 1597, commences here. [9] So the quarto, 1597; other old copies: will walk about.

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor, and could tell [*To* ROMEO, *&c.*[1]
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please:—'t is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.[2]
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing[3] days:
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?
2 *Cap.* By 'r lady, thirty years.
1 *Cap.* What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much:
'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.
2 *Cap.* 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.
1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?[4]
His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight? [*Pointing to* JULIET.[5]
Serv. I know not, sir.
Rom. O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
It seems she[6] hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove[7] trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I 'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed[8] my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
I never saw true beauty till this night.
Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—[*Exit Boy*[9].] What! dares the slave

[1] Not in f. e. [2] This and the lines from, "I have seen," not in f. e. [3] standing: in quarto, 1597. [4] The quarto, 1597, adds: "it cannot be so," and after the next line, "Good youths, i' faith! O youth's a jolly thing!" [5] Not in f. e. [6] Her beauty: in second folio. [7] So the quarto, 1597, "So shines a snow-white swan." [8] happy: in quarto, 1597. [9] Not in f. e.

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz,[1] let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here, in my house, do him disparagement;
Therefore, be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I 'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd:
What, goodman boy[2]!—I say, he shall;—go to;
Go to: am I the master here, or you?
You 'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You 'll make a mutiny among my guests.
You will set cock-a-hoop: you 'll be the man.

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy.—Is 't so, indeed?—
This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 't is time[3]—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox[4]; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame!
I 'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*

[1] These four lines, are not in quarto, 1597. [2] These three words, are not in quarto, 1597. [3] This line is not in quarto, 1597. [4] *Coxcomb.*

Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
[*To* JULIET.
This holy shrine, the gentle fine[1] is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,[2]
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book. [*Kissing her again.*[3]
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you. [JULIET *retires.*[4]
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O, dear account! my life is my foe's debt.[5]
Ben. Away, begone: the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.[6] [*Going*[7]
1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;

[1] sin: in old copies. Warburton made the change. [2] which holy palmers touch: in quarto, 1597. [3] [4] Not in f. e. [5] thrall: in quarto, 1597. [6] These two lines are not in quarto, 1597. [7] Not in f. e.

I'll to my rest. [*Exit.*[1]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
[*The Guests retire severally.*[2]

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
[*Going and returning.*[3]
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy. [*Exeunt all Guests.*[4]

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* JULIET!

Nurse. Anon, anon.—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.[5]

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

[1] *Exeunt all, but* JULIET *and* NURSE: in f. e. [2] [3] [4] Not in f. e.
[5] Not in quarto, 1597.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—An open Place, adjoining CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

[*He climbs the Wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;[1]
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I 'll conjure too.—
Romeo, humours, madman, passion, lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce[2] but—love and dove;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam[3] Cupid, he that shot so true,[4]
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.—
He heareth not,[5] he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature,[6] letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite. My invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

[1] Dost thou hear? He, &c.: in quarto, 1597. [2] couply: in folio (*Couple*). [3] Abraham: in old copies. The allusion is supposed to be to the ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid. Dyce says the word is "a corruption of *abron*," or *auburn*. [4] trim: in quarto, 1597. [5] He hears me not: in quarto, 1597; the rest of this and the next line, wanting. [6] fashion: in quarto, 1597.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous[1] night:
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars when they laugh alone.—
O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poprin pear!
Romeo, good night:—I 'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.—
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but white[2] and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O! it is my love:
O, that she knew she were![3]—.
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp: her eyes[4] in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,

[1] *Vapory, dewy.* [2] sick: in f. e. [3] This and the previous line, are not in quarto, 1597. [4] eye: in later quartos and folio.

That I might touch[1] that cheek.
Jul. Ah me!
Rom. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-passing[2] clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, although[3] a Montague.
What 's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name.
What 's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name[4] would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear[5] perfection which he owes
Without that title—Romeo, doff[6] thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself?[7]
Rom. I take thee at thy word.
[*Starting forward.*[8]
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

[1] kiss: in quarto, 1597. [2] lazy-pacing: in f. e., puffing: in folio. [3] though, not: in f. e. [4] word: in later quartos, and folio. [5] the divine: in quarto, 1597. [6] part: in quarto, 1597. [7] I have: in quarto, 1597. [8] Not in f. e.

f that tongue's utterance,[1] yet I know the sound.
rt thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displease.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
ıe orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
ıd the place death, considering who thou art,
any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
r stony limits cannot hold love out:
ıd what love can do, that dares love attempt;
ıerefore, thy kinsmen are no let[2] to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
ıan twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
ıd I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
ıd but thou love me, let them find me here:
y life were better ended by their hate,
ıan death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
lent me[3] counsel, and I lent him eyes.
.m no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
vould adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
se would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
r that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
in would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
hat I have spoke: but farewell compliment.
st thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
ıd I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
ıou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
ıey say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!
thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
l frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
ıd therefore thou may'st think my haviour light;

thy tongue's uttering: in later quartos, and folio. [2] *Hindrance.*
ıve: in quarto, 1597.

But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning[1] to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear[2],
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O! swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious[3] self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love[4]—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night,[5]
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. [*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.

[1] coying: in later quartos, and folio. [2] yonder moon I vow: in folio. [3] glorious: in quarto, 1597. [4] my true heart's love: in quarto, 1597. [5] The quarto, 1597, omits all to the NURSE's call.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet[1] to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world[2].

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. By and by: I come.—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night. [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Going.*

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tercel[3]-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy voice[4] more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name[5].

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears[6].

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear.[7]

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow

[1] true: in quarto, 1597. [2] The quarto, 1597, omits all to, "Love goes," &c. [3] *Male-hawk.* [4] [5] tongue: in later quartos, and folio; they also omit (5) "name." [6] This line is not in quarto, 1597. [7] So the undated quarto; that of 1597: Madam; first folio: My niece; second folio: sweet.

Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail: 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here, till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.
Rom. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'T is almost morning, I would have thee gone;
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's[1] cell;
His help to crave, and my good hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, *with a basket.*

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checquering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery[2] wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that 's nature's mother, is her tomb[3]:
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find:

[1] friar's close: in later quartos, and folio. [2] burning: in later quartos, and folio. [3] This and the five following lines, are not in quarto, 1597.

Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;[1]
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak[2] flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that act cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings[3] encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father.
Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbusied[4] youth, with unstuff'd brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wert thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That 's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
Rom. I 'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy:
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,

[1] Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse: in quarto, 1597. [2] small: in quarto, 1597. [3] foes: in later quartos, and folio. [4] unbruised: in f. e.

That 's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and[1] homely in thy drift
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I 'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow checks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then-
Women may fall, when there 's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom[2] I love no
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O! she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,

[1] rest: in folio. [2] her I: in later quartos, and folio.

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O! let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow:[1] they stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?[2]—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's: I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.[3]

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; run thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin[4] of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,[5] I can tell you. O! he is a courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song[6], keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto riverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—"By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!"—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange

[1] The rest of the line, not in quarto, 1597. [2] Why, what's become of Romeo: in quarto, 1597. [3] if he be challenged: in quarto, 1597. [4] The *peg* by which the target was attached. [5] The cat, in the old story of Reynard the Fox, is called, Tybert. [6] *Music by note.*

flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*[1], who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings[2] and harlots; Thisbe, a grey[3] eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop.[4] You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;[5] can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to courtesy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.[6]

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.[7]

Mer. Well said:[8] follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest! solely singular for the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio, for my wits fail.[9]

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

[1] So the undated quarto; the other old copies: *pardon-mees.* [2] *A low person.* [3] Often used for a fine, blue eye. [4] *Loose breeches.* [5] A counterfeit piece of money, was often so called. [6] This and the previous speech, are not in quarto, 1597. [7] The shoe-ribbons were cut like flowers. [8] Sure wit: in later quartos, and folio. [9] faint: in later quartos, and folio.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;[1] it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O! here 's a wit of cheverel,[2] that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide abroad—goose.[3]

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo:[4] now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O! thou art deceived. I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here 's goodly geer!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter, pr'ythee give me my fan.

Mer. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan 's the fairer of the two.[5]

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

[1] *Name of an apple.* [2] *Kid skin.* [3] a broad goose: in quartos. [4] thyself: in quarto, 1597. [5] Later quartos, and folio, read:—*Nurse.* My fan, Peter? *Mer.* Good Peter, to hide her face? For her fan 's the fairer face.

Mer. 'T is no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for[1] himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence[2] with you.

Ben. She will invite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, [*Singing.*[3]
Is very good meat in lent:
But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we 'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady;
Farewell, lady, lady, lady.[4] [*Singing.*[5]
[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant[6] was this, that was so full of his ropery[7]?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I 'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall.

[1] Not in later quartos, and folio. [2] conference: in quarto, 1597. [3] Not in f. e. [4] This was a favorite tune. [5] Not in f. e. [6] This word was often used as a contemptuous term, as distinguished from "gentleman." [7] roperipe: in quarto, 1597; both words mean, *roguery*.

scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates.—And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very wicked[1] dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,[2]—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.[3]

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall. [*Giving her money.*[4]

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I 'll 'quite thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

[1] weak: in f. e. [2] Tell her, I protest: in quarto, 1597. [3] The quarto, 1597, has in place of this speech:—
Bid her get leave to-morrow morning
To come to shrift at friar Lawrence's cell;
and omits all to, "And stay." [4] Not in f. e.

Nurse. Now, God in heaven bless thee![1]—Hark
sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man is true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest la
Lord, lord!—when 't was a little prating thing,—
There 's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would
lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve s
toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her someti
and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but,
warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as
clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary
Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name.
for thee? no.[2] I know it begins with some other le
and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you
rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [*Ex*

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nu
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him: that 's not so.—
O! she is lame;[3] love's heralds should be thoug
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving black shadows over lowering hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

[1] The quarto, 1597, omits all to, "Commend me," &c. [2] "R
dog's letter and hirreth in the sound."—*Ben Jonson's Eng. G*
mar. Old copies read: "R is for the"; which Warburton ch
to "thee." Some mod. eds. read, with Tyrwhitt: "R is fo
dog." [3] lazy: in quarto, 1597. [4] The quarto, 1597, has in pl
this and the next twelve lines:

And run more swift, than hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me: but old folks, seem as dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and dull as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God! she comes.—O honey nurse! what news?
Hast thou met with him?[1] Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I 'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench: serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I:
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back! o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back!—

[1] The quarto, 1597, omits all to, "I am aweary."

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.
Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous.—Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within:
Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st;
"Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?"
Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil—Come, what says Romeo?[1]
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then, hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife;
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;
They'll be in scarlet straightway[2] at my[3] news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.[4]—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

[1] In place of this question, the quarto, 1597, has:
Nay stay, sweet nurse; I do entreat thee, now,
What says my love, my lord, my Romeo?
[2] straight: in f. e. [3] any: in f. e. [4] This scene was entirely reformed in the quarto, 1599. It may be found as it appears in the quarto, 1597, in the notes to Verplanck's edition.

Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady.—O! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum the sum[1] of half my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let 's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet we shall not 'scape a brawl;

[1] sum up some: in folio. Steevens made the change.

For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirrin

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that, he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his upon the table, and says, "God send me no ne thee!" and, by the operation of the second cup, him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no ne

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack, i mood, as any in Italy; and as soon moved moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we shoulc none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Tho quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes: wha but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a m coughing in the street, because he hath waken dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thc fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doubl fore Easter? with another, for tying his new with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou a man should buy the fee-simple of my life for a and a quarter.[2]

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter TYBALT, *and others.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to the Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? (it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion w giving?

[1] This and the previous line, are not in quarto, 1597. [2] T the next speech, are not in the quarto, 1597.

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—
Mer. Consort! what! dost thou make us minstrels? thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but scords: here 's my fiddlestick; here 's that shall make u dance. 'Zounds, consort! [*Striking his hilt.*[1]
Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
ther withdraw unto some private place,
ıd reason coldly of your grievances,
· else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.[2]
Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:
will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.
Mer. But, I 'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
arry, go before to field, he 'll be your follower;
ıur worship, in that sense, may call him—man.
Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
ı better term than this—thou art a villain.
Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
ıth much exceed the appertaining rage
ı such a greeting:[3]—villain am I none;
ıerefore farewell: I see, thou know'st me not.
Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
ıat thou hast done me; therefore, turn and draw.
Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
ıt love thee better than thou canst devise,
ll thou shalt know the reason of my love:
ıd so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
ı dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.
Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
la stoccata carries it away.

[*Draws as* TYBALT *is going.*

ybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?
Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your ne lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as u shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the ght. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher[4] the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears e it be out.

[1] Not in f. e. [2] This and the next speech, are not in quarto, 1597. [3] he love I bear thee doth excuse the appertaining rage to such a ed: in quarto, 1597. [4] scabbard: in quarto, 1597.

Tyb. I am for you.[1] [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;
Beat down their weapons.—Gentlemen, for shame,
Forbear this outrage!—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio!
[*Exeunt* TYBALT *and his Partisans.*

Mer. I am hurt:— [ROMEO *supports* MERC.[2]
A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What! art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.
[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church[3] door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!
[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet!
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio 's dead;

[1] The passages from this to the exit of TYBALT, are not in quarto, 1597. [2] Not in f. e. [3] barn: in quarto.

at gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
ıich too untimely here did scorn the earth.
Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
is but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.
Rom. Alive! in triumph![1] and Mercutio slain!
ay to heaven, respective lenity,
d fire-ey'd[2] fury be my conduct now!—
w, Tybalt, take the villain back again,
at late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
ut a little way above our heads,
ying for thine to keep him company:
her thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
ılt with him hence.
Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight;* TYBALT *falls.*

Ben. Romeo, away! begone!
e citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
nd not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
thou art taken.—Hence!—be gone!—away!
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.
Ben. Why dost thou stay? [*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter Citizens, &c.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
balt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
Cit. You, sir:—go with me;
harge thee in the prince's name, obey.

nter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince! I can discover all
e unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
ere lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
at slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
rince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd
my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,

So the quarto, 1597; other old copies: He gone in triumph.
d: in all old copies, but the quarto, 1597.

For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.
O cousin, cousin!
Prin. Who began this bloody fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay:
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice[1] the quarrel was; and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it home.[2] Romeo he cries aloud,
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm,
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them was stout Tybalt slain,
And as he fell did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.
La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:[3]
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give:
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.
Prin.[4] Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:

[1] *Trifling.* [2] This word is not in f. e. [3] This line is not in quarto, 1597. [4] This and the next speech, are not in quarto, 1597.

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses,
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses;
Therefore, use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' mansion[1]; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.[2]—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That enemies'[3] eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd[4] blood, bating[5] in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,

[1] So the quarto, 1597; other old copies: dwelling. [2] The rest of the soliloquy, is not in quarto, 1597. [3] Most f. e.: runaways. Dyce reads: roving. [4] [5] Terms of falconry—to *man* a hawk, is to accustom her to the person who trains her; *bating* is beating the air with the wings, in striving to get away.

Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse.
Enter Nurse, with a Ladder of Cords.
And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?
Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*
Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,[1]
And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—I; or if not—no:
Brief sounds determine or my weal or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swounded at the sight.
Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty:
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had:
O courteous Tybalt, honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

[1] The old spelling of *ay*.

Jul. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd[1] cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom;
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished:
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Jul. O serpent heart,[2] hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant; fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;
A damned[3] saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst pour[4] the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?

[1] So the quarto, 1597; other old copies: dearest. [2] serpent's hate: in quarto, 1597. [3] So the undated quarto; others and folio: dim. [4] So the undated quarto; other old copies: bower.

That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt 's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished!
That—banished, that one word—banished,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt 's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern[1] lamentation might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished!—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—Romeo is banished!—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word 's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd: [*Taking them up.*[2]
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurse: I 'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I 'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:
I 'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

[1] Common. [2] Not in f. e.

SCENE III.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.

'ri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
iction is enamour'd of thy parts, [man:
l thou art wedded to calamity.
:om. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
at sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
.t I yet know not?
'ri. Too familiar
ıy dear son with such sour company:
ing thee tidings of the prince's doom.
:om. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?
'ri. A gentler judgment parted from his lips,
body's death, but body's banishment.
:om. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;
exile hath more terror in his look,
:h more than death: do not say—banishment.
'ri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:
patient, for the world is broad and wide.
:om. There is no world without Verona walls,
purgatory, torture, hell itself.
ce banished is banish'd from the world,
l world's exile is death:—then, banished
eath mis-term'd: calling death banishment,
u cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
l smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
'ri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
' fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
ing thy part, hath brush'd aside the law,
l turn'd that black word death to banishment.
s is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
:om. 'T is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
ere Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
l little mouse, every unworthy thing,
e here in heaven, and may look on her;
Romeo may not.—More validity,
:e honourable state, more courtship lives
:arrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
l steal immortal blessing from her lips;
o, even in pure and vestal modesty,
l blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

This may flies do, when I from this must fly,
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But Romeo may not; he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly.
They are free men, but I am banished.[1]
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar! the damned used that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banished?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I 'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy:
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

Fri. O! then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [*Falling.*[2]

Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself.
[*Knocking within.*

Rom. Not I: unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—who 's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while.—Stand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will!

[1] This and the previous line, are not in folio. [2] Not in f. e.

What wilfulness is this!—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in and you shall know my errand:
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome, then.
Enter Nurse.
Nurse. O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case;
Just in her case.
Fri. O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O? [ROMEO *groans.*
Rom. Nurse! [*Rising suddenly.*[2]
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O! tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his Sword.*
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote

[2] Not in f. e.

The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man;
Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself,
And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?[1]
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What! rouse thee, man: thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,[2]
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array:
But, like a mis-behav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was agreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time[3]
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,

[1] This and the sixteen following lines, are not in quarto, 1597.
[2] This and the next line, are not in quarto, 1597. [3] This and the next four lines, are not in quarto, 1597.

Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord! I could have stay'd here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I 'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here is a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit Nurse.*

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence. Good night; and here stands all
Either be gone before the watch be set, [your state:—
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua; I 'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand: 't is late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—A Room in CAPULET's House.

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—well, we were born to die.—
'T is very late, she 'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To night she 's mew'd up in her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—

But, soft! what day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too
O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her, [soon;
She shall be married to this noble earl.—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado:—a friend, or two;—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore, we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.—
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by.—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore, stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow;[1]
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

[1] brow: in f. e.

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:[1]
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For, then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho! daughter, are you up?

Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What! wilt thou[2] wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou wouldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like him, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer[3] lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then, weep no more. I 'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram[4]
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

[1] This and the next two speeches, are wanting in the quarto, 1597.
[2] I think, thou 'lt: in quarto, 1597. The scene was much altered subsequently. [3] Not in quartos. [4] That should bestow on him so sure a draught: quarto, 1597.

With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd.—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O! how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I 'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?[1]

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's church
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.

La. Cap. These are news indeed![2]
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself.
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and Nurse.*

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.—
How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

[1] this: in quarto, 1597. [2] f. e. give this line to JULIET.

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave.

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud?—Mistress minion, you,[1]
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd
That God had lent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding![2]

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence: smatter with your gossips; go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

[1] Not in folio. [2] *A low, disreputable person.*

Cap. O! God ye good den.[1]
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.[2]
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,[3]
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would[4] wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—"I'll not wed,"—"I cannot love,"
"I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon me."—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you;
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to 't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?—
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?[5]
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—Comfort me, counsel me.—

[1] God give you good even or day. [2] God's blessed mother, wife, it mads me: in quarto, 1597. [3] allied: in folio. [4] heart could: in quarto, 1597. [5] The quarto, 1597, has but one line in place of this speech.

Alack! that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here 't is. Romeo
Is banished, and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O! he 's a lovely gentleman;
Romeo 's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.
[*Exit.*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O, most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I 'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack[1] his haste.
Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course; I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And, therefore, have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much way,[2]
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
[*Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met,[3] my lady, and my wife.
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That 's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?
Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;

[1] slack to slow: in quarto, 1597. [2] sway: in f. e. [3] Welcome, my love: in quarto, 1597.

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit* PARIS.
Jul. O! shut the door; and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure,[1] past help!
Fri. O Juliet! I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits;[2]
I hear thou must, and nothing must prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,[3]
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently. [*Showing it.*[4]
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,[5]
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die, [*Offers to strike.*[6]
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,

[1] care: in folio. [2] This line is not in quarto, 1597. [3] This and the eight following lines, are not in quarto, 1597. [4] Not in f. e. [5] The seals of deeds were attached by ribands or labels. [6] Not in f. e.

That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder[1] tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears:[2]
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;[3]
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.[4]
Fri. Hold, then: go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:[5]
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly[6] ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our country is,

[1] any: in folio. [2] in quarto, 1597:
Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions are.
[3] Or lay me in a tomb with one new dead: in quarto, 1597; the undated quarto has: shroud; the folio: grave. [4] in quarto, 1597:
To keep myself a faithful, unstained wife,
To my dear lord, my dearest Romeo.
[5] in quarto, 1597:
A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seize,
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat.
[6] So the undated quarto; others, and folio: many.

In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, give me! O! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone: be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I 'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength, and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET's House.

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *Nurse, and Servants.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.— [*Exit Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I 'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit Servant.*
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin

Of disobedient[1] opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, [*Kneeling.*[2]
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you:
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County: go tell him of this.
I 'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becoming[3] love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as 't should be.—Let me see the County:
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday: there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her.—We 'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* JULIET *and Nurse.*

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:
'T is now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet; help to deck up her:
I 'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I 'll play the housewife for this once.—What ho!—
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart is won'drous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET *and Nurse.*

Jul. Ay, those attires are best;—but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries

[1] forward, wilful: in quarto, 1597. [2] Not in f. e. [3] becomed: in f. e.

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady* CAPULET *and Nurse.*

Jul. Farewell![1]—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I 'll call them back again to comfort me.—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all,
Shall I be married, then, to-morrow morning?—
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[*Laying down a Dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point.

[1] In the quarto, 1597, this speech is thus given:

Farewell, God knows when we shall meet again.
Ah, I do take a fearful thing in hand—
What if this potion should not work at all,
Must I of force be married to the county?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lie thou there.
What if the friar should give me this drink
To poison me, for fear I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much.
He is a holy and religious man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the tomb?
Awake an hour before the appointed time?
Ah! then I fear I shall be lunatick,
And playing with my dead forefather's bones,
Dash out my frantic brains. Methinks I see
My cousin Tybalt, weltering in his blood,
Seeking for Romeo: stay, Tybalt, stay,—
Romeo, I come, this do I drink to thee.

ll I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
l there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
if I live, is it not very like,
› horrible conceit of death and night,
ɜether with the terror of the place,—
in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
ere, for these many hundred years, the bones
ıll my buried ancestors are pack'd;
ere bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
s festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
some hours in the night spirits resort:—
ck, alack! is it not like, that I,
ɜarly waking,—what with loathsome smells,
l shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
ıt living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
ɜironed with all these hideous fears,
l madly play with my forefathers' joints,
l pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
l, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
ook! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
king out Romeo, that did spit his body
n a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
neo! Romeo! Romeo!—here 's drink—I drink to thee. [*She throws herself on the bed.*

SCENE IV.—CAPULET'S Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET *and Nurse.*

a. Cap. Hold; take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
› curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock.—
k to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
re not for cost.

Nurse.[1] Go, go, you cot-quean,[2] go.
you to bed: 'faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
this night's watching.

ome mod. eds.: *Lady Cap.* [2] A *man* who interferes in women's ness.

las! alas!—Help! help! my lady 's dead!—
, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
ome aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me! O me!—my child, my only life,
evive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
elp, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She 's dead, deceas'd: she 's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! she 's dead, she 's dead, she 's dead.
Cap. Ha![1] let me see her.—Out, alas! she 's cold!
er blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
ife and these lips have long been separated:
eath lies on her, like an untimely frost
pon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
ies up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—
son! the night before thy wedding day
ath death lain with thy wife: there she lies,
ower as she was, deflowered by him.
eath is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
y daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
nd leave him all; life, living[2], all is death's!
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,[3]

[1] In quarto, 1597, this speech stands:

Stay, let me see, all pale and wan,
Accursed time, unfortunate old man.

o all old copies. Steevens reads: leaving. [2] The quarto, 1597, ds:

And doth it now present such prodigies?
Accurst, unhappy, miserable man!
Forlorn, forsaken, destitute, I am;
Born to the world to be a slave in it:

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.[1]

Nurse. O woe, O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorc'd, wrong'd, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure[2] lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 't was your heaven she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O! in this love you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She 's not well married that lives married long,
But she 's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

Distrest, remediless, and unfortunate.
O heavens! O nature! wherefore did you make me
To live so vile, so wretched as I shall?

[1] The quarto, 1597, adds—with the prefix, *All:*
And all our joy, and all our hope is dead;
Dead, lost, undone, absented, wholly fled.

[2] care: in old copies. Theobald made the change.

)n this fair corse: and, as the custom is,
n all[1] her best array bear her to church;
'or though fond nature bids us all lament,
'et nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
'urn from their office to black funeral:
)ur instruments to melancholy bells;
)ur wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
)ur solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
)ur bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
\nd all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, you go in,—and, madam, go with him;—
\nd go, sir Paris:—every one prepare
'o follow this fair corse unto her grave.
'he heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS, *and Friar.*[2]

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be one.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up; or, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit Nurse.*

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians! "Heart's ease,[3] Heart's ease:" O! an you will have me live, play—"Heart's ease."

1 *Mus.* Why "Heart's ease?"

Pet. O, musicians! because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe[4]:" O! play me some merry dump,[5] to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we: 't is no time to play now.

Pet. You will not, then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will, then, give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek[6]: I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then, will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then, will I lay the serving-creature's dagger

[1] So the quarto, 1597; folio: And in. [2] The direction, in quarto, 1597, is: *They all but the* NURSE *go forth, casting rosemary on her, and shutting the curtains.* [3] [4] Names of popular tunes. All old copies, but undated folio, omit: of woe. [5] A *strain*, or a *poem*; also, a *dance*. [6] A *jeer*.

on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I 'll *re* you, I' ll *fa* you. Do you note me? [*Drawing his Dagger.*[1]

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with my iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. —Answer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,[2]
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Thou pratest[3]!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Thou pratest too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is "music with her silver sound," because musicians[4] have seldom gold for sounding:—

Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same.

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we 'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering death[5] of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.[6]
My bosom's lord sits lightly[7] in his throne;

[1] Not in f. e. [2] From a poem, by R. Edwards, in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices." [3] pretty: in quarto, 1597. [4] such fellows as you: in quarto, 1597. [5] truth: in f. e.; eye: in quarto, 1597. [6] good event to come: in quarto, 1597. [7] cheerful: in quarto, 1597.

And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,[1]
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar[2]
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my[3] Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then, I defy[4] you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I 'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let 's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift[5]

[1] This and the next line. not in quarto, 1597. [2] This line not in quarto, 1597. [3] doth my lady: in later quartos, and folio. [4] deny: in later quartos, and folio. [5] The quarto, 1597, reads:

As I do remember,
Here dwells a pothecary, whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needy shop is stufft
With beggarly accounts of empty boxes:
And in the same an alligator hangs,
Old ends of packthread, and cakes of roses,
Are thinly strewed to make up a show.
Him, as I noted, thus with myself I thought,

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O! this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty[1] ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,[2]
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,[3]

An if a man should need a poison now,
(Whose present sale is death in Mantua,)
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerun my need: and hereabout he dwells.
Being holiday the beggar's shop is shut.
What ho! apothecary! come forth, I say—

[1] here's twenty: in quarto, 1597. [2] poverty: in quarto, 1597.
[3] The quarto, 1597, has in place of this, and next line:
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
And starved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

Contempt and beggary hang on thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then, be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
[*Exit and returns.*[1]
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Friar LAURENCE's Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?
John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
[*Giving it.*[2]
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,[3] but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;

[1] [2] Not in f. e. [3] *A trifling matter.*

Get me an iron crow,[1] and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
John. Brother, I 'll go and bring it. [*Exit.*
Lau. Now must I to the monument alone.
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Churchyard; in it the Monument of the Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his Page, bearing Flowers, and a Torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen. [aloof;—
Under yond' yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.
[*Giving a basket.*[2]
Page. I am almost afraid to stay[3] alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones, [strew.
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that with tears distill'd by moans:
The obsequies, that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep![4]
[*The Boy whistles*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?
What! with a torch?—muffle me, night, a while.
[*Retires.*

[1] a spade and mattock: in quarto, 1597. [2] Not in f. e. [3] stand: in f. e. [4] The quarto, 1597, gives instead of these lines:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain,
The perfect model of eternity,
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands,
That living honoured thee, and being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb.

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a Torch, Mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter: early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is partly to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage, wild;[1]
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that: [*Giving his Purse.*[2]
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I 'll hide me here about:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit.*[3]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Monument.*
And, in despite, I 'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague.
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,[4]
It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.—
[*Advancing.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd farther than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—

[1] The next two lines, not in quarto, 1597. [2] Not in f. e. [3] *Retires:* in f. e. [4] This and the next three lines, are not in quarto, 1597.

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me:—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put[1] not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury[2]:—O! be gone.
By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—[3]
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy commiseration,[4]
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then, have at thee, boy. [*They fight.*
Page. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*Exit Page.*
Par. O! I am slain. [*Falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris!—
What said my man when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,[5]
To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand, [*Taking it.*[6]
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet; and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* PARIS *in the Monument.*
How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry,[7] which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O! how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:

[1] Heap: in quarto, 1597. [2] By shedding of thy blood: in quarto, 1597. [3] This and the next line, not in quarto, 1597. [4] thy conjurations (entreaty): in quarto, 1597. [5] The quarto, 1597, has in place of this and the six following lines:

But I will satisfy thy last request,
For thou hast priz'd thy love above thy life.

[6] Not in f e. [7] Been blith and pleasant: in quarto, 1597.

Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—[1]
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O! what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour.
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last:
Arms, take your last embrace; and lips, O! you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
Here 's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies near* JULIET.[2]

Enter, at the other End of the Churchyard, Friar LAURENCE, *with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade;*[3] *and* BALTHASAR *following.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who 's there?[4]

Bal. Here 's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capulets' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there 's my master,
One that you love.

[1] This and the four previous lines, are not in quarto, 1597. [2] *Dies:* in f. e. [3] The rest of this stage direction, is not in f. e. [4] Malone adds, from quarto, 1597, (which has the line after BALTHASAR's speech): Who is it that so late consorts the dead?

Fri. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir.
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay, then, I 'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me;
O! much I fear some ill unthrifty[1] thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him. [*Exit.*[2]
Fri. Romeo!—[*Advancing.*
Alack! alack! what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace!
[*Entering the Monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—[3]
The lady stirs. [JULIET *wakes.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am.—Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep.
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I 'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—[4]
What 's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—[5]

[1] unlucky: in later quartos, and folio. [2] Not in f. e. [3] In quarto, 1793:

what unlucky hour
Is accessary to so foul a sin?

[5] These lines are not in quarto, 1597.

O churl! drink all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;[1]
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I 'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*Snatching* ROMEO's *Dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself;*] there rest,[2], and let me die.[3] [*Dies.*

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody, search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues, some others search.—
[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here 's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning rest?

Enter CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

[1] This line and the rest of the speech, is not in quarto, 1597.
[2] rust: in all but quarto, 1597. [3] In quarto, 1597:
Ay, noise? then must I be resolute.
O, happy dagger! thou shalt end my fear;
Rest in my bosom. Thus I come to thee.

La. Cap. O! the people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.
Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears?
1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
1. *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.
Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house[1]
Is empty on the back of Montague,
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.[2]
La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.
Enter MONTAGUE *and others.*
Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.
Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;[3]
Grief of my son's exile has stopp'd her breath.
What farther woe conspires against mine age?
Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.
Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of outcry[4] for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;[5]
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Do make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned, and myself excus'd.
Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

[1] *Sheath.* [2] And it is sheathed in our daughter's breast: in quarto, 1597. [3] The quarto, 1597, adds: And young Benvolio is deceased too. [4] outrage: in f. e. [5] In quarto, 1597:

And let us seek to find the authors out
Of such a heinous and wild-seen mischance.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
s not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris: then, comes she to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, (so tutor'd by my art)
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death. Meantime, I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease:
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She waked; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where 's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,

And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes, that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary; and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague![1]
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague! give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
[*They shake hands.*[2]
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of fair[3] and faithful Juliet.[4]

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

Prince. A glooming[5] peace this morning with it brings,
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

[1] The quarto, 1597, has in place of this and the next four lines: Where are these enemies? See what hate hath done! [2] Not in f. e.
[3] true: in f. e. [4] In quarto, 1597:
There shall no statue at such price be set,
As that of Romeo and loved Juliet.
[5] gloomy: in quarto, 1597.

MON OF ATHENS.

"The Life of Tymon of Athens" first appeared in the folio of 1623, where it occupies, in the division of "Tragedies," twenty-one pages, numbered from p. 80 to p. 98 inclusive; but pp. 81 and 82, by an error, are repeated. Page 98 is followed by a leaf, headed, "The Actors' Names," and the list of characters fills the whole page: the back of it is left blank. The drama bears the same title in the later folios.

INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE is supposed not to have written "Timon of Athens" until late in his theatrical career, and Malone has fixed upon 1610 as the probable date when it came from his pen. We know of no extrinsic evidence to confirm or contradict this opinion. The tragedy was printed in 1623, in the folio edited by Heminge and Condell; and having been inserted in the Registers of the Stationers' Company as a play "not formerly entered to other men," we may infer that it had not previously come from the press. The versification is remarkably loose and irregular, but it is made to appear more so by the manner in which it was originally printed. The object, especially near the close, seems to have been to make the drama occupy as much space as could be conveniently filled: consequently, many of the lines are arbitrarily divided into two: the drama extends to p. 98 in the folio, in the division of "Tragedies;" what would have been p. 99, if it had been figured, contains a list of the characters, and what would have been p. 100 is entirely blank: the next leaf, being the first page of "Julius Cæsar," is numbered 109. It is possible that another printer began with "Julius Cæsar," and that a miscalculation was made as to the space which would be occupied by "Coriolanus," "Titus Andronicus," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Timon of Athens." The interval between what would have been p. 100 of the folio of 1623, and p. 109, which immediately follows it, may at all events be in this way explained.

There is an apparent want of finish about some portions of "Timon of Athens," while others are elaborately wrought. In his Lectures in 1815, Coleridge dwelt upon this discordance of style at considerable length, but we find no trace of it in the published fragments of his Lectures in 1818. Coleridge said, in 1815, that he saw the same vigorous hand at work throughout, and gave no countenance to the notion, that any parts of a previously existing play had been retained in "Timon of Athens," as it had come down to us. It was Shakespeare's throughout; and, as originally written, he apprehended that it was one of the author's most complete performances: the players, however, he felt convinced, had done the poet much injustice; and he especially instanced (as indeed he did in 1818) the clumsy, "clap-trap" blow at the Puritans in Act iii. sc. 3, as an interpolation by the actor of the part of Timon's servant. Coleridge accounted for the ruggedness and inequality of the versification upon the same

principle, and he was persuaded that only a corrupt and imperfect copy had come to the hands of the player-editors of the folio of 1623. Why the manuscript of "Timon of Athens" should have been more mutilated, than that from which other dramas were printed for the first time in the same volume, was a question into which he did not enter. His admiration of some parts of the tragedy was unbounded; but he maintained that it was, on the whole, a painful and disagreeable production, because it gave only a disadvantageous picture of human nature, very inconsistent with what, he firmly believed, was our great poet's real view of the characters of his fellow creatures. He said that the whole piece was a bitter dramatic satire,—a species of writing in which Shakespeare had shown, as in all other kinds, that he could reach the very highest point of excellence. Coleridge could not help suspecting that the subject might have been taken up under some temporary feeling of vexation and disappointment.

How far this notion is well founded can of course be matter of mere speculation; but a whole play could hardly be composed under a transient fit of irritation, and to us it seems more likely, that in this instance, as in others, Shakespeare adopted the story because he thought he could make it acceptable as a dramatic representation. We agree with Farmer in thinking that there probably existed some earlier popular play of which Timon was the hero. The novels in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure" were the common property of the poets of the day; and "the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens" is inserted in the first volume of that collection, which came out before 1567. Paynter professes to have derived his brief materials from the life of Marc Antony, in Plutarch; but Sir Thomas North's translation having made its appearance in 1579, all the circumstances may have been familiar to most readers. True it is, that Shakespeare does not appear to have followed these authorities at all closely, and there may have been some version of Lucian then current with which we are now unacquainted. To these sources dramatists preceding Shakespeare may have resorted; and we find Timon so often mentioned by writers of the period, that his habits and disposition, perhaps, had also been made known through the medium of the stage. Shakespeare himself introduces Timon into "Love's Labour's Lost," which, in its original shape, must certainly have been one of our great dramatist's early plays. In Edward Guilpin's collection of Epigrams and Satires, published, under the title of "Skialetheia," in 1598, we meet with the following line, (Epigr. 52,) which seems to refer to some scene in which Timon had been represented:—

"Like hate-man Timon in his cell he sits:"

And in the anonymous play of "Jack Drum's Entertainment," printed in 1601, one of the characters uses these expressions:—

"But if all the brewers' jades in the town can drag me from the love of myself, they shall do more than e'er the seven wise men of Greece could. Come, come; now I'll be as sociable as Timon of Athens."

We know also that there existed about that date a play upon the subject of Timon of Athens. The original manuscript of it is in the library of the Rev. Alexander Dyce, who has recently superintended an impression of it for the Shakespeare Society. He gives it as his opinion, that it was "intended for the amusement of an academic audience," and although the epilogue may be considered rather of a contrary complexion, the learned editor is probably right: it is, however, nearly certain that it was acted; and although it will not bear a moment's comparison with Shakespeare's "Timon of Athens," similar incidents and persons are contained in both. Thus, Timon is in the commencement rich, bountiful, and devoured by flatterers: he becomes poor, and is at once deserted by all but his faithful steward;—but before he abandons Athens in disgust, he invites his parasites to a last banquet, where he gives them stones painted to resemble artichokes, which he flings at them as he drives them out of his hall. Shakespeare represents Timon as regaling his guests with warm water; but it is very remarkable, that at the end of his mock-banquet scene, after the hero has quitted the stage, leaving certain lords behind him, upon whom he had thrown the warm water, the following dialogue occurs:—

"1 *Lord*. Let's make no stay.
2 *Lord*. Lord Timon's mad.
3 *Lord*. I feel 't upon my bones.
4 *Lord*. One day he gives us diamonds, next day *stones*."

Shakespeare's Timon had cast no "stones" at his guests, and the above extract reads exactly as if it had formed part of some play in which stones (as in the "Timon" edited by the Rev. A. Dyce) had been employed instead of warm water. Unless stones had been thrown, there could, as Steevens observes, be no propriety in the mention of them by the fourth Lord; and though Shakespeare may not have seen the academic play to which we have alluded, a fragment may by accident have found its way into his "Timon of Athens," which belonged to some other drama, where the banquet-scene was differently conducted. It is just possible that our great dramatist, at some subsequent date, altered his original draught, and by oversight left in the rhyming couplet with which the third Act concludes. We need not advert to other resemblances between the academic play and "Timon of Athens," because, by the liberality of the possessor of the manuscript, it may be now said to have become public property.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.
LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, } Three flattering Lords.
VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.
APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian Captain.
FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.
FLAMINIUS, LUCILIUS, SERVILIUS, } Servants to Timon.
CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, TITUS, LUCIUS, HORTENSIUS, } Servants to Timon's Creditors.
Servants of Varro, Ventidius, and Isidore: two of Timon's Creditors.
Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.
Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.
An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.

PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA, } Mistresses to Alcibiades.

Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several Doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you 're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that 's well known;
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both: th' other 's a jeweller.
Mer. O! 't is a worthy lord.
Jew. Nay, that 's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd,[1] as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.[2]
Jew. I have a jewel here— [*Showing it.*[3]
Mer. O! pray, let 's see 't. For the lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that—
Poet. "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."
Mer. 'T is a good form.
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication.
To the great lord.

[1] *Inured by practice.* [2] *Excels* [3] Not in f. e.

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum,[1] which issues[2]
From whence 't is nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let 's see your piece.
Pain. 'T is a good piece. [*Showing it.*[3]
Poet. So 't is: this comes off well, and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable! How this grace
Speaks his own standing; what a mental power
This eye shoots forth; how big imagination
Moves in this lip; to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is 't good?
Poet. I 'll say of it.
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.
Enter certain Senators, who pass over the Stage.
Pain. How this lord is follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy men!
Pain. Look, more!
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have in this rough work shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of verse:[4] no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold,
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract behind.
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I will unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,

[1] gown: in folio. Pope made the change. [2] oozes: in f. e. [3] Not in f. e. [4] wax: in f. e.

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues, and properties to his love and tendance,
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame;
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'T is conceiv'd to scope.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount,
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value) on the moment
Follow his strides; his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip[1] down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'T is common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon that: mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

[1] sit: in folio. Rowe made the change.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, *attended; the Servant of* VENTIDIUS *talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I 'll pay the debt, and free him.

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—
'T is not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what farther?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I; no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:

His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.
Tim. [*To* LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter;
What you bestow, in him I 'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!
[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and old Athenian.*
Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship.
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?
Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work,
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear farther from me.
Pain. The gods preserve you!
Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.
Jew. What, my lord, dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.
Jew. My lord, 't is rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters. Believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd.
Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.
Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We 'll bear with your lordship.
Mer. He 'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow; when thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.
Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.
Apem. Are they not Athenians?
Tim. Yes.
Apem. Then I repent not.
Jew. You know me, Apemantus.
Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.
Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.
Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.
Tim. Whither art going?
Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.
Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.
Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.
Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apem. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he 's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. Y' are a dog.
Apem. Thy mother 's of my generation: what 's she, if I be a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou should'st, thou 'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O! they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then, I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then, thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That 's not feign'd; he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had so hungry a wish[1] to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic 's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet 's that?

Serv. 'T is Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt some Attendants.*
You must needs dine with me.—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and when dinner 's done
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

[1] That I had no angry wit: in f. e.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his Company.*

Most welcome, sir!

Apem. So, so, there.—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this courtesy. The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well; fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unappeasable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed[1] but he repays
Sevenfold above itself: no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

[1] *Merit.*

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
1 *Lord.* I 'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in TIMON'S House.

Hautboys playing loud Music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending: then, enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other Athenian Senators, with* VENTIDIUS, *whom* TIMON *redeemed from prison, and Attendants: then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and hast left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.
Tim. O! by no means,
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.
I gave it freely ever; and there 's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives.
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit!
Tim. Nay, my lords,
Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*
1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confessed it.
Apem. Ho, ho! confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?
Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.
Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. [there
Tim. Fie! thou 'rt a churl: you have got a humour
Does not become a man: 't is much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est,*
But yond' man is ever[1] angry.

[1] very: in folio. Rowe made the change.

Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for 't, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,[1] Timon:
I come to observe: I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore, welcome. I myself would have no power; pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives,
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow, that sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges the breath of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals,
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way? A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.
Here 's that, which is too weak to be a fire,[2]
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals, there 's no odds;
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS' GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man, but myself.
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond:
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog that seems a sleeping;
Or a keeper with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.

[*Eats and drinks.*

[1] Peril. [2] sinner: in t. e.

Much good do 't thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart 's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there 's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O! no doubt, my good friends; but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes. O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies

most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear,
Taste, touch, smell,[1] pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They 're welcome all. Let them have kind admittance:
Music, make their welcome. [*Exit* CUPID.

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how amply y' are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.*

Apem. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance: they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done.
Men shut their doors against the[2] setting sun.

The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of TIMON; *and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:

[1] There taste, touch, all pleas'd: in folio. Warburton made the change. [2] a: in f. e.

You have added worth unto 't, and[1] lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady*. My lord, you take us ever at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet
Attends you: please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt* CUPID *and Ladies*.

Tim. Flavius!

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. [*Aside*.] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour;
Else I should tell him,—well,—i' faith, I should,
When all 's spent he 'd be cross'd then: and he could,
'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the Casket*.

1 *Lord*. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord*. Our horses!

Tim. O, my friends!
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much,
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord*. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word: it does concern you near.

Tim. Near? why then another time I 'll hear thee:
I pr'ythee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside*.

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv*. May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

[1] Second folio inserts: lively.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Enter a third Servant.
Be worthily entertain'd.—How now! what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong: you bate too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* O! he 's the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* O! I beseech you, pardon me! my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.

All Lords. O! none so welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your several visitations,
So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,

And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so
Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights! more lights!

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, *Lords, &c.*

Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs[1] be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*

Apem. So;—thou wilt not hear me now;—
Thou shalt not then; I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

[1] *Bows.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand, besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
A stable o' horses. No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon:
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me. I must serve my turn
Out of mine own: his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit. I love, and honour him,
But must not break my back to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. Ay, go, sir.—Take the bonds along with you,

.nd have the dates in compt.[1]
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

CENE II.—The Same. A Hall in TIMON's House

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many Bills in his Hand.*

Flavius. No care, no stop: so senseless of expense,
hat he will neither know how to maintain it,
'or cease his flow of riot; takes no account
low things go from him; no reserve; no care[2]
f what is to continue. Never mind
Vas surely so unwise[3], to be so kind.
Vhat shall be done? He will not hear, till feel.
must be round[4] with him, now he comes from hunting.
'ie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the Servants of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What!
'ou come for money?
Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?
Caph. It is.—And yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords, &c.*, *as from hunting.*

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we 'll forth again,
ly Alcibiades.—With me! what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
'o the succession of new days this month:
ly master is awak'd by great occasion
'o call upon his own, and humbly prays you,
'hat with your other noble parts you 'll suit,
n giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, my good lord,—

[1] Come: in folio. Theobald made the change. [2] nor resumes o care, &c.: in f. e. [3] Was to be so unwise: in f. e. [4] *Plain.* The rest of this stage direction, is not in f. e.

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, good my lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore:
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
Var. Serv. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES *and Lords.*
I 'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither: pray you,
[*To* FLAVIUS.
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of debt, broken[1] bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner,
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends.
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit* TIMON.
Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS *and a Fool.*

Caph. Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apemantus: let 's have some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No; 't is to thyself.—Come away. [*To the Fool.*
Isid. Serv. [*To* VAR. *Serv.*] There 's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single; thou 'rt not on him yet.
Caph. Where 's the fool now?
Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men; bawds between gold and want.

[1] Malone changes to "date-broken."

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth!

Apem. Good: gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go: thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.

[*Exit Page.*

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. I would they served us.

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my mis-

tress' house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come, with me, fool; come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS, *and Fool after him.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I 'll speak with you anon.

[*Exeunt Serv.*

Tim. You make me marvel. Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me,
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me:
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made you minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O, my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My loved lord,
Though you hear now, yet now 's a time too late,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O, my good lord! the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful nook,[1]
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's,
Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no farther.
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart,

[1] cook: in f. e.

If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes: I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other Servants.*

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord Lucius;—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius. Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph!

Tim. Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'t is pity.—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:

Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows;
'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind,
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*To* FLAVIUS.] be not sad;
Thou art true, and honest: ingeniously[1] I speak,
No blame belongs to thee.—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death, he 's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had, [*To* FLAV.] give it these fellows
To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; that thought is bounty's foe:
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in LUCULLUS's House.

FLAMINIUS *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectively welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit Servant.*] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

[1] *Ingenuously.*

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir. And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him of purpose to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I have told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from it.

Re-enter Servant with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who exit.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well. [*Giving money.*[1]

Flam. Is 't possible, the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* LUCULLUS.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!

[1] Not in f. o.

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto his humour has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O! may diseases only work upon 't,
And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

Enter LUCIUS, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours: now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie! no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.

Luc. How?

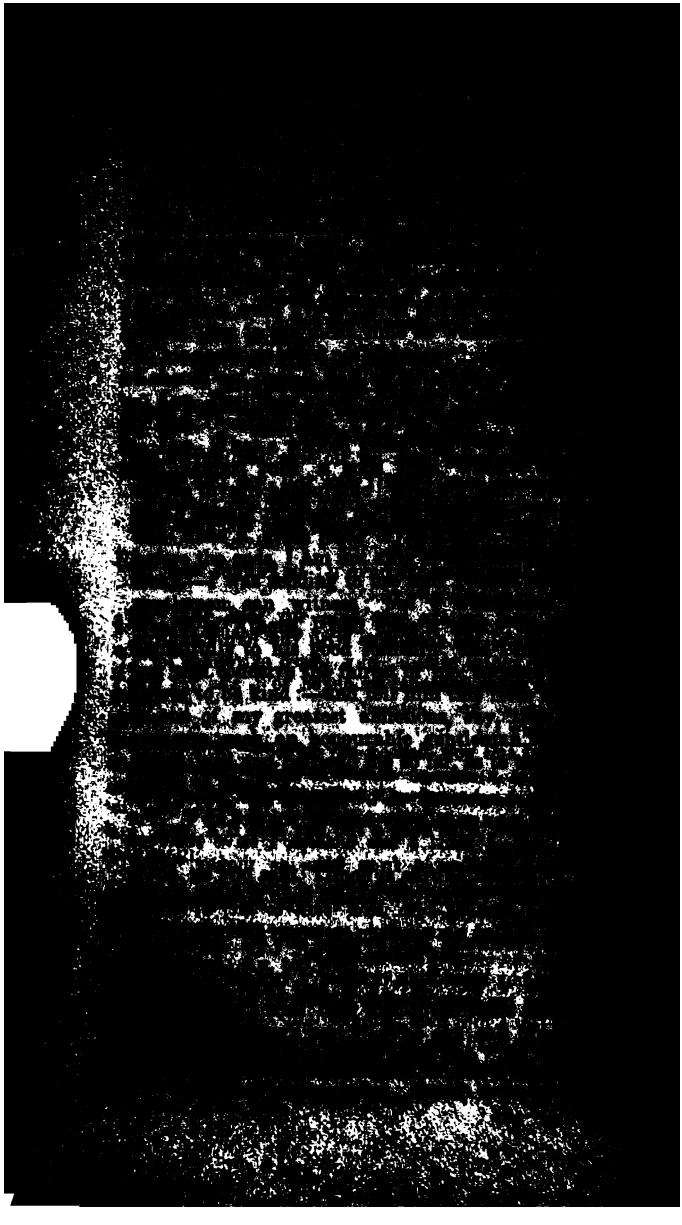
2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,— [*To* LUCIUS.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.



My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse,
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart. But I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense:
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same.—A Room in SEMPRONIUS's House.

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a Servant of* TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't, humph! 'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;
For they have all denied him.

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Have Ventidius and Lucullus denied him,
And does he send to me? Three? humph!
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice[1] give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
He has much disgrac'd me in 't: I am angry at him,
That might have known my place. I see no sense for 't,

[1] Thrive: in folio. Johnson made the change.

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I'll requite it last? No: so it may prove
An argument of laughter to the rest,
And amongst lords I be thought a fool.
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I'd such a courage to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join;
Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politic: he crossed himself by't; and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods. Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master:
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Hall in TIMON'S House.

Enter two Servants of VARRO, *and the Servant of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other Servants to* TIMON'S *Creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay; and I think,
One business does command us all, for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And, sir,
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?
Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on 't: he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 't is deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I 'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I 'm weary of this charge, the gods can witness:
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns; what 's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
1 *Var. Serv.* 'T is much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir, a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lorship: pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS *in a Cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate
Of my lord's meat? Then, they could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down the interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end:
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 't will not serve,
'T is not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what: he 's poor, and that 's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O! here 's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.

Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him: he 's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS, *following.*

Tim. What! are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here 's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em; cleave me to the girdle.[1]

Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—
What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:
Creditors?—devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I 'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius[2]; all:
I 'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord!
You only speak from your distracted soul:
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be 't not in thy care: go,

[1] A *bill* was also a weapon. [2] First folio inserts: Ullorxa.

I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I 'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to 't: the fault's bloody; 't is necessary he should die.
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that without heed do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fault aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(An honour in him which buys out his fault)
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted passion
He did reprove[1] his anger, ere 't was spent,
As if he had but mov'd[2] an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born.
He 's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,

[1] behave: in f. e. [2] prov'd: in f. e.

What folly 't is to hazard life for ill?
Alcib. My lord,—
1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My lords, then under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it,
And the ass more captain than the lion; the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O, my lords!
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.
To be in anger, is impiety;
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.
2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.
Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
Sen. What 's that?
Alcib. Why, say[1] my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies.
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,[2]
He 's a sworn rioter: he has a sin, that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.
Were there no foes, that were itself enough[3]
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions. 'T is inferr'd[4] to us,
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.
1 *Sen.* He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.

[1] I say: in second folio. [2] him: in first folio. [3] If there were no foes, that were enough: in f. e. [4] *Brought.*

My lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none, yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:
And for, I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all
My honour to you, upon his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receiv 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law: he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure. Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How!

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace.
My wounds ache at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'T is in few words, but specious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you.
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,
Rich only in large hurts:—all those, for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd:
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up

ly discontented troops, and lay[1] for hearts.
T is honour with most lands to be at odds;
oldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—A Banquet-hall in TIMON'S House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several Doors.

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourble lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring,[2] when e encountered. I hope, it is not so low with him, as e made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his ew feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so. He hath sent me an arnest inviting, which many my near occasions did rge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond em, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my imporinate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I m sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my proision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand ow all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he ave borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir.—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how re you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordip.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more wilngly, than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; ich summer-birds are men. [*To them.*] Gentlemen, ur dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast

[1] *Lay out.* [2] *To tire on*, is to fasten on, like a bird of prey on its ctim. Z. Jackson reads: stirring.

your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to 't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O! sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah! my good friend, what cheer?

[*The Banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on 't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. —Come, bring in all together. [*To the Servants.*[1]

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What 's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'T is so; be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I 'll tell you more anon. Here 's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will 't hold? will 't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does; but time will show.

3 *Lord.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

"You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves praised, but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the

[1] Not in f. e.

meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your foes,[1] O gods! the senators of Athens, together with the common tag[2] of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these, my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome." Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The Dishes uncovered are full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What! dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou:—
[*Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.*
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords!

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Push! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

[1] fees: in f. e. [2] lag: in f. e. Altered from leg, in folio.

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?
2 *Lord.* Here 't is.
4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.
1 *Lord.* Let 's make no stay.
2 *Lord.* Lord Timon 's mad.
3 *Lord.* I feel 't upon my bones.
4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filths
Convert o' the instant green virginity!
Do 't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy master's bed;
Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,

Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath,
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedness, thou detestable town.
[*Casting away his Clothes.*[1]
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans.
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
The Athenians, both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in TIMON'S House.

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward! where's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone, and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.
Enter other Servants.
Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
That see I by our faces: we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow. Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

[1] Not in f. e.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I 'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some;
[*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*They embrace, and part several ways.*
O. the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who 'd be so mock'd with glory as[1] to live
But in a dream of friendship? and revive[2]
To have his pomp, and all state comprehends,[3]
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord! brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness. Strange, unusual blood,[4]
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind again?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He 's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends:
Nor hath he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it.
I 'll follow, and inquire him out:
I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold I 'll be his steward still. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Woods.

Enter TIMON, *with a Spade.*

Tim. O, blessed breeding sun! draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant, touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
(To whom all sores lay siege) can bear great fortune,

[1] or: in f. e. [2] The words, "and revive," are not in f. e. [3] all what state compounds: in f. e. [4] *Disposition.*

But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and decline[1] that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's[2] sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man 's a flatterer?" If one be,
So are they all; for every grise[3] of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool. All is oblique;
There 's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison—What is here?
[*Finding gold.*[4]
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idol[5] votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha! you gods, why this? What this? You gods! why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides,
Pluck stout[6] men's pillows from below their heads[7].
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again:
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*]—Ha! a drum?—Thou 'rt quick,

[1] deny 't: in f. e. [2] *A horned beast.* brother: in folio. Singer made the change. [3] *Degree.* [4] Not in f. e. [5] idle: in f. e. [6] *Healthy.* [7] Sometimes done to the dying, to shorten their death agonies.

But yet I 'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand.—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Reserving some gold.*

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with Drum and Fife, in warlike manner; and* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee
That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then, the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then, renew, I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee:
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub[1]-fast, and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have had but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou hast conquered:
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one.
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,

[1] tub: in folio. Warburton made the change.

Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy:
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse; swear against abjects;[1]
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes,
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests, in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
[*Throwing it.*[2]
Make large confusion; and thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not; be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores abhorr'd[3]. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,—
Although I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats. Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phry. & Timan. Well, more gold.—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow

[1] objects: in f. e. [2] Not in f. e. [3] a bawd: in f. e.

In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all,
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There 's more gold:
[*Throwing it.*[1]
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first: I have given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike!

[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.

Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven

[1] Not in f. e.

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O! a root:—dear thanks!
Dry up thy meadows[1], vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish drafts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips——.

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? Plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'T is, then, because thou dost not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune.[2] Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit, and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft,
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome,
To knaves, and all approachers; 't is most just,
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I 'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist[3] trees,

[1] marrows: in f. e. [2] future: in folio. Rowe made the change.
[3] Hanmer reads: moss'd.

That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee. Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not, but say thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well; but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou 'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete:
The other, at high wish, best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd, but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive dugs[1] of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;

[1] drugs: in f. e.

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I 'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering something.*

Tim. First mend my[1] company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

[1] thy: in folio. Rowe made the change.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity: in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst

be seized by the leopard: weft thou a leopard, thou wert germane to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life; all thy safety were remotion, and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'd beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off.

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*
I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire![1] thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch[2] of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

Apem. Would 't were so;
But not till I am dead.—I 'll say, thou 'st gold:
Thou will be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—
[*Exit* APEMANTUS.
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Band.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder. The mere want of gold, and the falling from him[3] of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Band.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Band.* Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2 *Band.* True, for he bears it not about him; 't is hid.

1 *Band.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Band.* 'T is his description.

3 *Band.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both two; and women's sons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

[1] sun and fire: in folio. [2] *Touchstone.* [3] This word is not in f. e.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.[1]
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

1 *Band.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape.
[*Throwing gold.*[2]
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen: I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away!
Rob one another. There 's more gold: cut throats;
[*Throwing it.*[3]
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go:
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal no[4] less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er! Amen.
[TIMON *retires to his Cave.*

3 *Band.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Band.* 'T is in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

[1] Hanmer reads: men. [2] [3] Not in f. e. [4] not: in f. e.

2 *Band.* I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Band.* Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond' despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument,
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON *comes forward from his Cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st[1] thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then, I know thee not:
I never had honest man about me, I;
All I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What! dost thou weep?—Come nearer:—then, I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity 's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

[1] grunt'st: in folio. Southern made the change.

So true, so just; and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service,
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
Is 't not a usuring kindness as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes when an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or present, I 'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 't is so.—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery [*Giving gold.*[1]
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy;
But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none,
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing. Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

[1] Not in f. e.

Flav. O! let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.
Tim. If thou hat'st
Curses, stay not: fly, whilst thou 'rt bless'd and free.
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exit* FLAVIUS; *and* TIMON *into his Cave.*[1]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before TIMON's Cave.

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What 's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity. 'T is said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 't is not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purses[2] with what we[3] travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that 's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testa-

[1] *Exeunt severally:* in f. e. [2] purposes: in f. e. [3] they: in f. e.

ment, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Enter TIMON, *behind, from his Cave.*

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him. It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so; I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let 's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-cover'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I 'll meet you at the turn. What a god 's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'T is thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship; and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O, abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you are honest men.
Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What can we do, we 'll do, to do you service.
Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth; you are honest men.
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.
Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my lord.
Tim. Even so. sir, as I say.—And for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends.
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 't is not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.
Tim. You 'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There 's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,
That he 's a made-up villain.
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me
I 'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let 's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this; but two is[1] com-
Each man apart, all single and alone, [pany:—
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company,
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there 's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done[2] work for me, there 's payment: hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating them out.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter FLAVIUS, *and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.
1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.
2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not still the same. 'T was time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.
Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends. Th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd.
For each true word, a blister; and each false
Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.
2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

[1] in: in f. e. [2] Not in folio. Added by Malone.

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 *Sen.* O! forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
2 *Sen.* They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recanter, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense, more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it:
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.
1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so, soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.
2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.
1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,

Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him,—that I care not.
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There 's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not: all 's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow. My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go; live still:
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That 's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, and other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them.
I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well; he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself.—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no farther; thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his emboshed[1] froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend:
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain.
Sun, hide thy beams: Timon hath done his reign.
[*Exit* TIMON.

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead. Let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear[2] peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators. and a Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as they report?

Mess. I have spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend,
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends: this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators from TIMON.

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon; nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust. In, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

[1] emboss'd: in f. e. [2] Dire.

SCENE IV.—The Woods. TIMON's Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who 's here ? speak, ho !—No answer ?—What is this ?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span :
Some beast rear'd[1] this ; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave.—What 's on this tomb
I cannot read ; the character I 'll take with wax :
Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, *and Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A Parley sounded.*

Enter Senators, on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice : till now myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, "No more :" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease ;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means :
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours

[1] read : in folio. Theobald made the change.

Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out:
Shame, that they wanted cunning[1] in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;
For those that were, is 't not severe[2] to take,
On those that are, revenge? crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou 'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then, there 's my glove.
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and,—to atone[3] your fears

[1] *Wisdom.* [2] it is not square: in f. e [3] At one, reconcile.

With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied by[1] your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'T is most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the Gates.*
Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."
These well express in thee thy later spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

[1] to: in f. e. Dyce reads: render'd to.

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